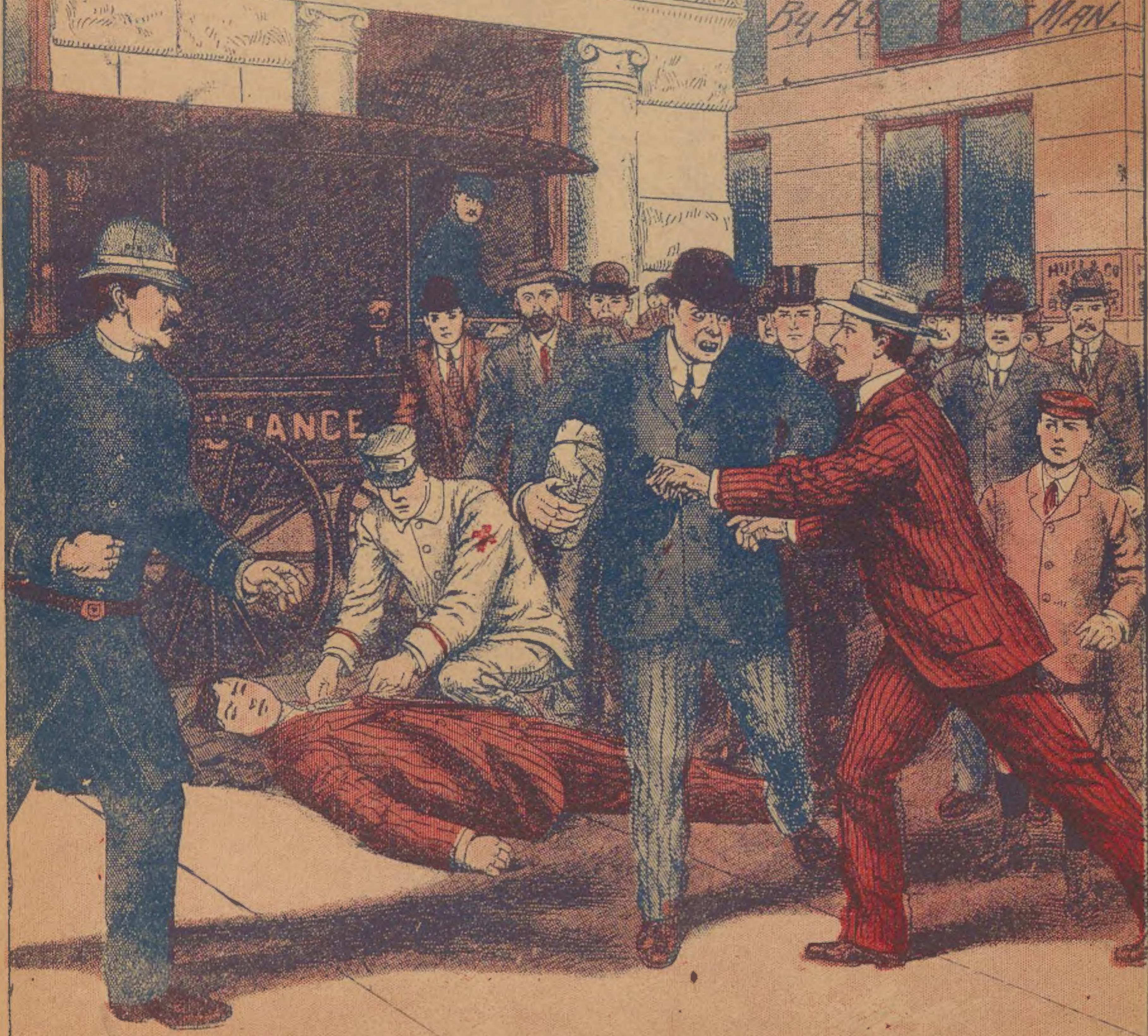


FAME AND FORTUNE

STORIES OF BOYS **WEEKLY.** WHO MAKE MONEY.

PHIL THE PLUNGER,
OR, A NERVY BOY'S GAME OF CHANCE. (A WALL STREET STORY.)

By ALICE DE MAN.



"Hold on!" cried Phil, barring the man's way. "That package doesn't belong to you" "Get out of my way!" snarled the fellow, glaring at the boy "No, I won't," replied Phil, sturdily; "you sha'n't get away with that boy's property"

I would regulate the temperature in
the room by mixing damper in the
warm air flue or open the damper
in the Vent duct to the full extent
I would regulate the temperature
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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 11, 1927

Price 8 Cents.

Phil, the Plunger

OR, A NERVY BOY'S GAME OF CHANCE

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

CHAPTER I.—Struck Down.

"If I had one hundred dollars I could double it as easy as rolling off a log," muttered Phil Tenant; "but I haven't got it, so what's the use of talking? It's blamed hard luck to have a dead open-and-shut pointer come a fellow's way, and he can't use it because he's practically strapped."

Phil was sailing up Broad street in his customary lively manner when he uttered the foregoing, and the expression on his alert, good-looking face would have indicated to an observer that something had gone wrong with him.

He was office boy and messenger to Moses Halle, whose office was in a Wall street building.

Halle was not the sweetest-tempered boss in the world, particularly when the market rates for call loans slumped, thereby showing that money was easy to be had.

If Moses Halle could have had his way money conditions would always be tighter than wax, which of course, would make the interest rate high, and increase his profits proportionately.

Halle was not beloved by his customers—money-lenders seldom are.

He was regarded as something of a Shylock, though he did business in the regulation way.

If he hadn't he wouldn't have been troubled with many customers.

No one had any idea how much he was worth, but as he had been doing business in Wall Street for a good many years, and it was believed he had never lost a dollar through a bad loan, because he was careful to demand gilt-edge security, and seldom advanced more than sixty-five per cent. on it, he was naturally considered well fixed.

Doubtless he was, and Phil Tenant was ready to swear to it had he been put to the test, yet he gave no outward evidence of prosperity.

He was a small, hard-featured man, who seldom, if ever, smiled, probably because his bump of humor had never developed.

His fingers were long and bony, like the talons of a bird of prey.

Phil likened them to pot-hooks, because they held on to everything—they grasped, particularly money.

When he paid Phil his wages of six dollars every Saturday at about noon he handed the

money out with apparent reluctance. He did all his own bookkeeping, thereby saving the cost of a clerk, and Phil noticed that he brought his lunch with him in the morning, and ate it in his office when he felt hungry.

Thus he never left the office, except on special business, during the office hours, which were between nine and four.

When Phil entered the elevator it wanted ten minutes of four, and he expected to be on his way home inside of a quarter of an hour or so.

Not that Phil's home associations were so delightful that he was anxious to get there with as little delay as possible. On the contrary the boy seldom entered the Cherry Hill tenement where he lived before supper time, for reasons that were apparent to him if not to others.

He lived with his mother and a stepfather, who was a longshoreman, on the top floor of the building.

Their apartments consisted of three rooms—two fair-sized ones, one of which did duty for a living-room, and a very small one, not much larger than a good-sized closet.

Phil occupied the small room, which was just large enough to hold a cot, with a narrow space at the foot into which he had squeezed a very small trunk.

He and his stepfather didn't get on well together, which was not his fault, but entirely owing to the man's uncertain disposition.

The trouble with Mr. Sculler was he drank more than was good for him at times, and when he got on one of his periodical sprees he had to be handled with gloves or there would be a hot time in the house.

It took Phil about a minute to reach the fourth floor in the building where Halle's office was, and half a minute more to present himself before his employer with the note he brought back from the broker he had visited.

The money-lender tore the envelope open and read the enclosure.

The tenor of the note did not seem to be satisfactory.

He drew a memorandum pad toward him, jabbed his pen into the inkstand rather viciously and scribbled off a few words.

"Here, take that back to Mr. Hartley, and tell him that is my ultimatum," snapped Moses Halle, shoving the envelope at Phil.

"No use of my returning to his office, sir; he was just going home when I left," replied Phil.

"Go back to his office, find out where he lives and take the note to his residence. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, starting for the door.

"And look here, bring back his answer. I shall remain here till you return."

"All right, sir," and Phil was off.

The young messenger was not pleased at the extra service he was called upon to perform, as he considered he got paid little enough for the time he put in at the office.

However, he knew there was no use kicking over the matter, so he hurried back to Broker Hartley's office.

Securing the broker's address, which was in Brooklyn, he rushed up to the Brooklyn Bridge and boarded a trolley car that would take him within a block of his destination.

Mr. Hartley lived in a fine house, in a fashionable neighborhood, and in due time Phil got off the car and proceeded the rest of the way on foot.

Reaching the house he was shown into the library where the broker was reading an afternoon paper.

"Hello!" cried the broker, recognizing him "What brought you over here?"

"Mr. Halle sent me with another note," replied the boy.

"Confound Halle!" growled the Wall Street man, tearing open the envelope, and reading the enclosure with a frown.

"He told me to tell you that was his ultimatum sir," said Phil.

"Ultimatum be jiggered! He's an old Shylock!" snorted the trader.

He drew a pad toward him, wrote a few words put the paper in an envelope, directed it to Moses Halle, and handed it to Phil.

"Hand him that," he said.

"Very well, sir," and two minutes later the boy was on the sidewalk again, on the way to catch a return car.

It was a cold day succeeding a snow storm, and the sidewalks, though cleaned according to the usual manner, were spotted here and there with patches of ice that made walking rather perilous in their vicinity.

As Phil stepped off the curb his feet slipped on one of these ice patches, and he went down so quick that it took his breath away.

His feet ploughed through the piled-up snow beside the gutter, and his head narrowly missed striking on the edge of the curb, which had it happened would probably have been a serious matter to him.

A person always feels foolish after such a fall, and Phil was no exception.

His lower extremities were covered with snow, and he had to turn over on his hands to get up.

One of his hands came in contact with some object in the snow.

It felt so odd that Phil grabbed it and pulled it out.

His amazement was great when he discovered

that it was a handsome pearl and diamond necklace.

"Gracious! Here's a find he exclaimed.

He got up and looked at the valuable ornament.

"That must be worth money. I wonder who lost it?"

That was impossible for him to guess, so after a swift inspection he dropped it into his side pocket and then began brushing off the snow from his trousers.

He crossed the street while doing this, and when he reached the opposite walk he took off his overcoat and found it was a sight, being covered with snow and dirt.

He cleaned it as best he could and hastened to reach the cars, for he knew that Mr. Halle was awaiting his return at the office, and if he was away too long he would catch it.

Catching a car he sat down in the corner, but as it was pretty well filled with passengers he did not think it advisable to display the necklace to public gaze.

"It will probably be advertised for," he thought, as the car bowled along toward the bridge, "and a reward offered for its return. Maybe I'll annex the hundred dollars I want so bad to take a flyer on A. & B. which that syndicate is going to boom. That will be fine, for I'll make anywhere from a hundred to two hundred out of the deal as sure as eggs are eggs."

The very idea of getting a reward of \$100 for restoring the ornament which he judged was worth a lot of money made him feel as happy as a hog on ice.

It never occurred to him that by taking the ornament to a pawnshop on the Bowery he might be able to raise two or three times \$100.

If it had he would have scouted the suggestion, for Phil for one thing was as honest as the day is long.

Had he found a pocketbook with \$10,000 cash in it, his first thought would have been to find the owner.

Reaching the New York side of the bridge, Phil hurried down Park Row into Nassau Street, and following that thoroughfare in due time reached Wall Street.

By this time it was half-past five, and the financial district was comparatively deserted.

Few offices were open after five o'clock, at which hour there was a general exodus of the clerks.

He only met those people who had been detained for one reason or another, and there are always a number of such employes to be met in the district up to six o'clock, and even later.

Only one elevator was running in the building where he worked, and Phil took this up.

The janitor's assistant was going into the next office to the money-lender's to clean up.

"What brought you back, Tennant?" he asked, for he knew that Phil usually went home about four, right after his boss departed.

"Got a note to hand to Mr. Halle," replied the boy.

"Why, is he here yet?"

"I guess he is. He told me he'd wait till I got back."

Phil opened the reception-room door and walked in. The door of the boss' private room was ajar.

He crossed the outer room and walked into the inner office. Then he stopped with a low cry of consternation. On the floor before the open safe lay Moses Halle, his face streaked with blood, motionless and apparently dead.

CHAPTER II.—The Enameled Watch-Charm.

Phil was fairly paralyzed by the sight that met his eyes. He rushed over and knelt beside the money-lender. Mr. Halle had evidently been struck down in front of his safe, the contents of which had been rifled, for papers and account books lay scattered on the floor, and nothing of value remained in it.

"Great Scott! This is terrible!" ejaculated the young messenger. "Who can have done this crime? I must see if he still lives and then notify the police."

As he bent over the seemingly lifeless money-lender, his sharp eyes noticed a heavy enameled gold watch-charm, which he knew did not belong to Mr. Halle, lying on the rug beside him.

He picked it up, glanced at it hurriedly, saw that it was a valuable trinket and had an engraved monogram on it, and thrust it into his vest pocket, since he believed it might be a clue that would lead to the detection of the perpetrator of the outrage.

Then he tore open his boss' vest and put his ear down to his heart, to find out if it still was beating.

It was, but very faintly.

Phil rushed outside and into the next office where the janitor was sweeping.

"Come here, I want you," he said, excitedly.

"What's the matter?" asked the man, attracted by his perturbation.

"Mr. Halle has been nearly murdered in his office."

"What!" gasped the man. "You don't mean that?"

"I do mean it. Come and see, and help me do something for him."

The janitor accompanied the boy into his office and was not a little staggered when he saw how things were in the private room.

"Sure he isn't dead?" said the man.

"No, his heart beats yet."

"Then telephone for an ambulance at once."

"I'll do it. You get a towel and some water and see if you can revive him."

"We ought to have some brandy, or something of that kind."

"Try the water first, and if it has no effect rush downstairs and notify your boss, and then get the brandy."

Phil grabbed the telephone book and looked up the call of the Chambers Street hospital.

As soon as he found it he connected with the institution and sent in a hurry call for an ambulance. Then he called up the nearest police station and briefly communicated the facts to the man at the desk, who said he'd send a couple of officers around right away.

The janitor's assistant, having been unsuccessful in bringing the money-lender to his senses, had already gone downstairs to notify his boss, the head janitor.

Phil, having nothing further to do, tried his hand on Mr. Halle, but without any result.

While he was working over his employer, the head janitor, whose name was Smith, came into the office.

"How did this happen?" he inquired, after looking at the unconscious man.

"I'll never tell you," replied Phil. "This is the way I found him when I came back with the answer to a note he sent me to Brooklyn to deliver. It is a clear case of robbery, as well as assault, for the safe has been cleaned out."

"I see it has," replied the janitor. "The police must be notified."

"I've already communicated with them, and a couple of officers will be here in a short time."

"Have you 'phoned for an ambulance?"

"I have."

"Then nothing more can be done at present. Mr. Halle seems to be next door to a dead man from his appearance."

"I'm afraid he is badly hurt. He doesn't respond in the least to what I am doing to bring him to. Has Wilson gone for some stimulant?"

"He went to the nearest cafe to get some brandy."

While they were talking the assistant came back with a tumbler half full of the best cognac, and he brought a Wall Street detective, whom he had met on the street, with him. The detective took in matters at a glance, and then he said:

"The man looks like death. Have you sent for an ambulance?"

"Yes," replied Phil.

"You know nothing about this thing, I suppose?"

"Nothing. This is the way things were when I entered the room a short time ago."

Some of the brandy was poured down Mr. Halle's throat, and he uttered a sigh, but showed no other sign of animation.

"The surgeon when he comes will have to attend to him," said the detective.

At that juncture the officers from the station came in. One of them was in plain clothes, and was a detective. He showed his badge and took charge of things at once. He began by questioning Phil closely. The boy was perfectly frank in his answers. He told all he knew, with the exception of the watchman he had found. That fact had, in the excitement, slipped his mind. The assistant was sent downstairs to watch for the ambulance, and he soon came back with the surgeon.

"See what you can do for Mr. Halle," said the detective from the station.

The surgeon set to work, and after a rapid examination of the victim's head, where the only wound lay, announced that the money-lender was suffering from concussion of the brain.

"Will he come around?" asked Phil.

"I can't say whether he will or not. I'll have to take him to the hospital, and let the house surgeon look into the case. He may last twenty-four hours or longer in this state, without recovering consciousness, and then die. Or he may recover his senses, and have a fighting chance for his life," replied the surgeon.

"Then you consider his condition as critical?"

"I certainly do. It will require a closer ex-

amination than I can give him here to determine just how gladly hurt he is."

"He ought to be taken to the hospital, without delay, then," said Phil.

"Yes. The ambulance is at the door ready to receive him."

The janitor and his assistant agreed to take the senseless money-lender downstairs, and the surgeon, snapping his bag shut, followed them.

"You're Mr. Halle's messenger, I believe?" said the station detective, turning to Phil again.

"Yes, sir."

"What's your name, and where do you live?"

"Phil Tennant. I live at No. — Cherry Hill."

"Worked in the office long?"

"About a year."

"You say that you carried a message to a broker at his home in Brooklyn and that Mr. Halle was waiting for you to get back with an answer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was the broker, and where does he live?"

Phil told him.

"How long were you away?"

"About an hour and a half."

The detective asked Phil a number of other questions and then said he could go home.

"You open up in the morning, don't you?"

"Yes," replied Phil.

"Come here at your usual time."

Phil said he would, and there being nothing more to detain him he left for home.

CHAPTER III.—Mazy Brooks.

On his way home Phil suddenly recollected the enameled gold watch-charm he had picked up beside his employer's senseless body, and he put his fingers in to his vest pocket to get it out for further inspection, intending to hand it over to the detective next morning when he saw him. Somewhat to his surprise it was not there. He felt in the other pockets of his vest without result.

"I must have lost it," he muttered, in a tone of vexation. "How unfortunate! That might have proved a clue to the man who knocked Mr. Halle out. It seemed to be a valuable bit of jewelry from the brief look I took of it. Had a monogram on it, too. Could hardly have belonged to a common crook. Well, it's gone, so there's no use crying over spilled milk. I'd better not say anything about it now, else that detective would give me jesse for not turning it over to him in the office."

Then Phil's thoughts recurred to the pearl and diamond necklace he found in Brooklyn.

"Hope I haven't lost that, too," he said, in a kind of panic.

He shoved his hand into his overcoat pocket and to his great relief his fingers closed about it.

"No, that's safe, thank goodness. I'll look at it when I get home, that is if Mr. Sculler isn't around. It would never do for him to get his eyes on it. He'd want to take it out and pawn it right away, and what he got on it would keep him in liquor for a year. What a beast liquor makes of some men! Mother made the mistake of her life when she married him, though she has often told me he was a sober and industrious truck driver

when she met him. Now he only works when he has to."

As it was after seven o'clock Phil made haste to get home.

He knew his mother would keep his supper for him, but likely as not Mr. Sculler would have something unpleasant to say.

The tenement in which he lived was a double-decker, with a small, flagged yard between the two houses, and he had to mount four flights of rickety stairs in the rear one.

As he emerged into the half-dark yard, after passing through a dirty and narrow passage from the street, his ears were greeted by a sharp scream from the ground floor of the rear tenement.

In a moment his face flushed and his hands clenched involuntarily.

"That's Mazy Brooks, and her rascally step-father is at it again. The old scoundrel! He's always beating her on some pretext or another. I'd like to slug him."

The next moment a young and extremely pretty girl came darting into the yard, pursued by a short, stout, disreputable looking Frenchman, the hair on whose bare head stuck up like the quills of a porcupine, and whose moustache and goatee made him look quite fierce.

He caught the girl just as she cleared the doorway, and began lashing her savagely with a heavy shoemaker's strap.

"By gar!" he hissed. "I'll teach you to be charitable, you leetle fool. You will give away vat belongs to me to ze hypocritical old bums vat pretends dat he ees starving, eh? Take dat, and dat, and dat!"

Each blow wrung a fresh shriek from the girl and aroused Phil's indignation and anger to the boiling point.

"I say, hold on there, Mounseer Boutelle. Cut it out," cried Phil, dashing forward and arresting his arm as he was about to lay another blow on the girl.

"Vat eez ze mattaire wiz you?" roared the Frenchman, glaring at the boy.

"The matter with me is I won't stand for you beating Mazy this way," replied Phil, resolutely.

"Vat ees eet to you? Vat right you have to interfere?"

"I take the right. If you don't let her alone I'll have you pulled in."

"You vill have me pulled in? By gar, I feex you! You poke your nose vare eet ees not wanted and I will pull eet for you."

Boutelle let go his hold of Mazy and grabbing Phil's nose gave it a fierce tweak that brought tears to the young messenger's eyes. It also made Phil as mad as a hornet, and he gave the man a push that sent him staggering against the wall of the rear tenement. The shrieks of Mazy had brought a number of the tenants of the houses to their windows—not that it was anything new to them to hear the poor girl scream, for it was a common enough occurrence; but because the tenants always ran to their windows when there was any excitement going on. They never thought of interfering, except sometimes with their tongues from their windows. The Frenchman had the reputation of being a bad man, and one to be avoided. The result was nobody cared to butt in between him and the girl.

The woman often threatened to report him on occasions when he was particularly brutal to Mazy, but never amounted to anything. Phil Tennant was the only one who ever took her part, and the girl was very grateful to him, not that it really improved her condition, for Boutelle generally got back at her for the boy's interference. The push Phil administered to the Frenchman made him furious. He rushed at the boy, swung the strap in the air and brought it down across Phil's neck and shoulders. It raised a red mark on the boy's neck and stung him like a branding-iron. Phil wouldn't stand for any more of this treatment from Boutelle and struck him a heavy blow on the side of the jaw that landed the Frenchman in a heap on the ground half-dazed.

"Come upstairs with me, Mazy, and stay in our place until your stepfather gets cooled off," said Phil to the trembling girl.

"I'm 'fraid," replied the girl. "He's sure to find out I was there and then he'd come up and drag me down, and beat me worse than ever."

"If he did I'd half kill him. I'm getting tired of seeing him ill-use you, and it's got to be stopped."

Phil drew the girl into the house, but he could not induce her to go upstairs.

"I'm very grateful to you for protecting me, Phil Tennant, but I'm afraid you'll be hurt yet by Monsieur Boutelle. He carries a heavy-loaded weapon in his pocket which he calls a slung-shot. If he hit you with it on the head he might kill you."

"Don't worry about him laying me out. He'd better mind his P's and Q's or I'll lay him out worse than I did a moment ago. I don't see why you stay with such a brute."

"I'd like to run away but I'm afraid. He has threatened to kill me if I dared to leave him."

"I think I'll notify the police. Still that would do little good unless you were willing to make a complaint against him."

"I wouldn't dare," cried the girl, nervously.

"I suppose not. That's where the trouble lies. He knows he's got you under his thumb, and that you're afraid to call your soul your own. That shows what a cowardly brute he is. What was he beating you to-night for?"

"Because I gave a poor, starving man some bread and meat. The man was truly almost fainting from hunger, and I couldn't resist his appeal for something to eat."

"How did Boutelle hear about it? Surely he wasn't around at the time or he wouldn't have let the man have anything."

"Packey Stewart, who lives next door, saw me and told my stepfather."

"That's just like Packey. Some day I'll knock his block off. He used to browbeat you till I put a stop to it."

At that moment they heard the Frenchman's voice in the yard swearing in his own language.

"Do go upstairs, Phil Tenant, and don't have any more trouble with him," begged Mazy, laying her hand on the boy's arm.

"And what will you do?"

"I'll run into my room and hide."

As Monsieur Boutelle was evidently about to enter the passage the girl broke away and ran into the living-room, closing the door, so Phil, with some reluctance, started upstairs.

"Where have you been so long?" were the words that greeted his appearance in the living-room in the Sculler apartments.

It was Mr. Sculler who spoke, and he was evidently the worse for liquor, for he had finished a three-days' job on a ship that afternoon and celebrated his emancipation from labor by loading up with bad whisky. Phil's mother, who was in the room, looked imploringly at him. The boy, though he rebelled at his stepfather's remark, smothered his feelings, and replied:

"The boss sent me to Brooklyn on an errand and I had to return to the office with an answer."

The answer appeared to satisfy the longshoreman, who sat back in his chair and puffed at his pipe in a sulky way. Phil's mother dished up his supper and he sat down at the table in the centre of the room to eat it. Mr. Sculier was out of sorts because after spending a portion of his wages he had lost the rest. It happened, however, the roll had dropped out of his pocket in the room and his wife had found it. She had no intention of putting him wise to the fact, for she knew where the money would go if he got hold of it again. It was quite a windfall, and windfalls were rare with her.

"Got any change in your clothes?" growled Mr. Sculler, when Phil had finished his supper.

"Not a cent," replied the boy.

"Why haven't you?"

"Because I turn all my money in to mother, and I'm always broke."

"Gimme a dime," said the man turning to his wife.

"I need what little money I've got," she answered. "You've been working for three days and you haven't given me a cent yet."

"I intended to, but I lost most of it."

"That's pretty hard when we need money so bad. How are we going to meet our rent?"

"I dunno. That ain't my business. You look out for that."

"I can't look out for it if I have no money."

At that juncture one of the male tenants on the same floor poked his head in at the door.

"Hello, Sculler; I'm goin' to the corner. Come along."

That meant an invitation to drink, and the longshoreman picked up his hat and accepted the invitation with alacrity. When they got downstairs they met the Frenchman at his door, looking as ugly as sin.

"Come and have a drink, monsoo," said Sculler, grabbing him roughly by the arm.

"No, sare, I vill not dring wiz you," replied Boutelle, shaking himself free.

"Why wont you?" snorted Sculler, who was drunk enough to take offense at the man's refusal.

"Why not? Because I vill not. Dat son of yours, Phil Tennant, hit me wiz hees feet in ze jaw here. You see ze mark? I feex heem for eet. Some day I keel him and dat vill end heem."

"What did he hit you for?" asked Sculler, feeling grouchy toward his stepson, for the Frenchman was a crony of his and often treated him at the corner saloon.

"He hit me because he ees nastee. He butted in to my beesness. Mon fille she give my food avays to a beggar and I give her von leetle taste of ze strap for eet. Dees Phil Tennant he come

up and poke his mouse in, and catch me by ze arm. When I tell heem to go about hees beesness he up wiz hees feest and slug me there."

"He did that, did he? I'll take him down a peg or two. I won't have him insult no friend of mine. I'll break his head first," snarled Sculler, who was aching for a scrap with somebody, and his stepson seemed a likely object to him just then.

Turning around he started back upstairs with blood in his eye. He burst in on Phil and his mother while the boy was showing her the handsome necklace he had found. The longshoreman's flaming eyes lighted on the ornament and he fairly gasped. He forgot all about the errand that had brought him upstairs. He wasn't so drunk but he understood what it was his stepson held in his hand, and though he had no idea of its value still the sparkle of the diamonds, as well as the sheen of the pearls, told him that the article could be pawned for money enough to furnish him with lashings of whisky. He rushed forward and made a grab at the ornament. Phil, with an exclamation of surprise and consternation at his abrupt reappearance, snatched his hand away just in time to defeat Mr. Sculler's purpose.

"Give me that piece of jooelry, d'ye hear?" roared the longshoreman.

"I will not," replied Phil, firmly, rising from his chair, for he scented trouble.

"Where did you get it?"

"I found it."

"Then hand it over. I'm goin' to raise money on it."

"You'll raise nothing on it. I'm going to return it to the owner tomorrow."

"Give it to me, you young imp!" roared Sculler, his cupidity aroused by the thought of what the ornament would bring at a "hock shop."

"Not on your life," replied Phil, backing away.

"Then I'll make you," howled the longshoreman, making a dash at him.

Phil was a lively boy on his feet, and his half-drunk stepfather had little chance of nabbing him unless he could manage to corner the boy. The young messenger didn't propose to be cornered if he could help it. He jumped around the table, his purpose being to decoy Mr. Sculler around the end farthest from the door, and then take advantage of the chance to leave the room. Sculler fell into the trap and started to chase him. The excitement of the moment sent the fumes of the liquor he had drunk to his head, and his sight, as well as his limbs, became very unsteady.

As a consequence, instead of rounding the table he dashed into it, upsetting it and falling all over it himself. Unfortunately the lamp stood on the table, and it went spinning into a box of wood and shavings, where it exploded and set the inflammable stuff on fire. Phil was in the act of reaching for the handle of the door when the catastrophe happened, and his mother's scream rang out as the flames darted up the walls of the room, and quickly communicated themselves to the cheap curtains on the nearest window.

CHAPTER IV.—Phil Rescues Mazy.

Phil stopped aghast at the state of affairs. His mother stood staring in terror at the rapidly

spreading flames, while Mr. Sculler lay half stunned on the floor amid the wreck of the table which his weight had put out of business.

"Great Scott!" cried Phil. "The room is on fire."

He obeyed a natural impulse to rush forward and try to put the fire out; but the old rookery being like so much tinder his efforts were of not the slightest avail. When he realized that the flames were utterly beyond his control he shouted:

"Run, mother, run, and save yourself."

He then turned his attention to his stepfather, who had staggered on his feet and was gazing at the fire in drunken bewilderment.

"Get downstairs, Mr. Sculler, the house is on fire," he cried, seizing the man by the arm and dragging him to the door.

The longshoreman had a glimmering idea that he was in danger, and he blundered to the stairs, down which he sprawled like one who had little control over himself. Phil's next thought was for the safety of the other tenants of the building, particularly those on that floor.

"Fire! Fire!" he shouted, pounding on the doors.

The racket in the Sculler apartment had only attracted a passing notice from the other tenants, who easily hear it. It was nothing unusual for Sculler to storm around when he was full. The boy's alarming cry, however, was quite a different matter, and brought the people quickly to their doors. When they saw the smoke and the reflection of the flames in the Scullers' living-room there was a screaming and stampede at once that aroused the tenants on the floor below. The cause of the commotion was quickly communicated to them, and a second stampede from the rooms ensued there.

Soon the whole house was aroused, and the excitement was communicated to the dwellers in the adjacent houses. Inside of ten minutes the whole neighborhood was in a state of terror and commotion. By that time the flames were mounting through the windows on the outside of the house, lighting up the nearby tenements in the back street, the windows of which were peopled with men and women. By the time Phil reached the yard somebody had sent in a fire alarm. Nearly everybody was out of the rear tenement by that time, and the fire had spread to the apartments across from the Sculler's side.

The tenants in the front house were hastily gathering up their household goods and preparing to flee to safety, for there was no saying but both of the parts of the double-decker might be involved in the threatened destruction. Phil finally reached the street and looked around eagerly for his mother. He found her crying and wringing her hands on the opposite side of the way, with a crowd of women gathered around her. The fire was now leaping through the roof, and lighting up the entire vicinity. It had already secured such a good headway that half the building at least appeared to be doomed.

The fire engine and hook and ladder from Chambers Street came dashing upon the scene. It was at that thrilling moment that Phil thought of Mazy Brooks. As she lived on the ground floor he reasoned that she must have escaped. But he wanted to be sure and he started to look for her in the crowd. He couldn't see her anywhere, but this was not strange in such a mob

of excited people. Finally he saw the Frenchman jagbering away to one of the tenants of the burning building. He rushed up to him, and seizing him by the arm, cried:

"Where is Mazy? Did she get out all right?"

"By gar! I do not know what s'all become of her," he replied. "Eef she ees not out she ees in her little room."

"Why didn't you make certain that she got out?"

"Parbleu! Get to ze old Neek wiz you!" responded Boutelle, now recognizing the boy, and his anger against him returning.

Phil waited to argue the matter with him no longer. He dashed across the street and sprang into the passage leading to the yard, following in the footsteps of several firemen. As they rushed upstairs in the burning building, dragging a hose with them, he banged his way into the Frenchman's apartments. The living-room was deserted and Phil hurried into the two rooms beyond, the last of which was occupied by the girl. A lamp burned in the living-room, where Monsieur Boutelle had been reading when the excitement drew him outside, and he had joined the crowd fleeing to the street, forgetting all about his property that he left behind.

The other rooms were dark, and Phil stumbled over the meager furniture in his efforts to learn whether Mazy had escaped or not. Suddenly he tripped over something soft and yielding that lay near the door of the inner room. Picking himself up he felt of it and found it was the girl lying there unconscious. He had her in his arms in a moment and carried her out into the living-room, where the light of the lamp showed a bump and a cut on her forehead.

"She must have fallen in trying to get out and hurt herself," he reasoned.

Securing a better hold on her he bore her out into the yard, past a fireman or two, and thence to the street, where policemen had by this time forced the people back to the crossings of the upper and lower side streets. The Frenchman was gone, and so was his mother. With Mazy in his arms he started for the upper street, as it was nearest to the burning house. Other engines had by this time arrived, and there were a lot of firemen on the block that had been cleared. The sharp, wintry air revived the girl and she began to struggle, not recognizing in whose embrace she was.

"Be quiet, Mazy. It is I—Phil."

"Oh, Phil Tennant, what is the matter? What has happened?" she cried as he set her on her feet.

"The house is on fire. I ran in to your rooms to see if you had got out, and I found you unconscious on the floor. I suppose you fell there trying to get out."

"No, no. My stepfather struck me with the belt in the face and I remember nothing more," she said.

"He did—the scoundrel!" cried Phil, hotly. "Then when he ran out he left you to run the risk of your life in the building. What a rascal he is!"

"Oh, Phil, is the house really on fire?"

"Can't you see the blaze? And the firemen and engines?"

"Yes, yes," replied the bewildered and panic-

stricken girl. "Where shall I go—oh, where shall I go?"

"Come with me and I'll see that no harm comes to you," said the boy, encouragingly, taking her by the hand and leading her with him.

He pushed his way through the crowd, pulling the terrified Mazy with him. He saw one of the tenants of the building and asked her if she had seen his mother, but she hadn't. At length they got out of the mob and he led the girl into a doorway where they were sheltered in part from the chill of the night. He had lost his overcoat in the fire, but the pearl and diamond necklace was safe in his pocket, where he had thrust it when his stepfather tried to get it away from him. They stood in the doorway watching the fire and the crowd of spectators. Suddenly he saw his mother come out of the mob with a couple of women.

"Wait here, Mazy, till I come back," he said, and then ran out into the street and intercepted his mother.

She threw her arms around his neck in a sort of hysterical joy, for she had been worried lest some accident had happened to him.

"We've lost everything, Phil," she said.

"I know it," he answered; "but you have the money you picked up on the floor, haven't you?"

"Yes, yes," she replied, after feeling in her pocket.

It was only six dollars, but under the circumstances that was a whole lot to them.

"Where are you going?" he asked her.

"Mrs. O'Brien here is taking me in for the night.

"Then I hope she can accommodate Mazy Brooks, too. She is over in yonder doorway," said Phil.

Mrs. O'Brien agreed to shelter the girl, too, so Phil ran over and fetched her. He accompanied them to the door of the house where the O'Briens lived, and there left them for the time being. After watching the putting out of the fire he hunted up a night's lodging for himself, paying a quarter for the accommodation.

CHAPTER V.—Dunstan Leach.

Phil was up early, got his breakfast in a restaurant, which almost exhausted his slender finances, and then he went around to the O'Brien tenement where he found his mother and Mazy eating a frugal breakfast with the family.

"Have you seen your stepfather?" asked his mother, anxiously.

"No, I haven't seen Mr. Sculler since he made his way out of the burning room," replied Phil. "He'll turn up by and by. I wouldn't worry about him. He isn't worth it."

The O'Briens were willing to keep his mother and Mazy until they knew what they were going to do.

"I wish I didn't have to go back to Monsieur Boutelle," said Mazy to Phil.

"You don't have to go back to him. Come and stay with us when we get settled somewhere."

"He'll find me and drag me back," she said, in trembling tones.

"Not if I can prevent him he won't," replied Phil.

"Oh, I'm so afraid of him."

"You ought to have him arrested and punished for striking you down with that strap and then leaving you behind in the burning building."

"He'd kill me if I did anything like that."

"Nonsense! He'd be sent to the Island for maybe a year, and you'd be rid of him."

Mazy, however, shook her head.

"Well, you come with us anyway, and let him hunt you up if he's anxious to do it. It may be some time before he locates you, and then I'll knock the daylights out of him if he doesn't leave you alone."

The morning papers had the story of the fire, which had gutted the two upper floors of the tenement, and ruined the balance of the building more or less. They also had an account of the assault and robbery of Moses Halle. Phil read both stories when he reached the office about half-past nine. There was no one in the place when he arrived, but the janitor, whom he met in the main corridor, told him that the station detective would be at the office some time during the morning. After reading about the two chief incidents in his experience, he turned to the lost and found notices, and in one of the papers saw the necklace advertised for. The reward offered nearly took his breath away, for it was \$2,000.

"Lord, if I get that I'll be rolling in wealth," he said to himself. "And why shouldn't I when it is offered? The finder is directed to call at Tiffany's. I'll go there you can bet your life. The first thing I'll do after I get the money will be to provide for mother and Mazy, and it won't be another Cherry Hill tenement by a long shot. I must get mother to go over on the west side of town. Somewhere up in Greenwich village. If Mr. Sculler doesn't like that he can lump it, for I'm paying the rent. He can get work on the steamers along the North River just as well as aboard the ships on the East River. He doesn't care to work much anyway. Hates to exert himself even to keep warm in this weather. If he doesn't change his habits he'll degenerate into a bum. He's only a drawback to mother. She ought to leave him, but I suppose she won't."

He continued to read the news and finally came to a small paragraph announcing the arrest of his stepfather the night before in a saloon for being concerned in a brawl. This news was a surprise to him, but he was rather pleased because the chances were that Sculler would be sent to the Island for six months. His enforced absence would, Phil thought, be of great advantage to himself and his mother, though he didn't doubt but she would sympathize with her worthless husband. About this time the door opened and the detective walked in.

"I see you're here, young man," he said.

"Yes, I'm here notwithstanding that I was burned out last night."

"Burned out!"

"You read about the fire on Cherry Hill, didn't you?"

"Yes. Did you live in that house?"

"I did; on the top floor where the fire started."

"Lost all your traps, I suppose?"

"Yes, we were cleaned out."

"I suppose your folks were not insured?"

"We didn't have much to insure. We're always

next door to being strapped as my stepfather works only about half his time, and mother doesn't always get his money."

"The saloonkeepers get their share, eh?"

"That's about the size of it. If it wasn't for the six dollars I earn here, with an occasional tip, mother couldn't get along at all."

"Your employer is reported to be in a pretty bad way. If he should die you'd lose your job."

"I suppose so. Trouble never comes singly. However, I guess I'll get along," replied Phil, thinking of the \$2,000 reward that was offered by Tiffany for the lost necklace. "Find any clue to the rascal who knocked Mr. Halle out?"

"No, but I hope to round him up through the stuff he stole from the safe, provided it was something beside money. Mr. Halle kept some of his securities there, doesn't he?"

"He may have; but I couldn't tell you what he kept there."

"He had a safe deposit box somewhere, I suppose?"

"I couldn't tell you that either. He never sent me to such a place."

"That's not singular. He would go himself, like most box holders. Did he do a considerable business in his line?"

"I should judge that he did. He had lots of visitors, and I was always carrying notes around to different brokers."

"Then he must have carried a lot of securities belonging to his customers, and would naturally have a safe deposit box to hold them, for he would hardly keep them here, except perhaps those that he wanted for immediate use."

At that moment the door opened and a broker came in. He was one of Mr. Halle's customers, and he wanted to learn later particulars about the money-lender than the newspapers gave. The detective gave him all the information he could. Shortly after he went away Broker Hartley came in. The news of Mr. Halle's misfortune had been a surprise to him he said. He owed the money-lender a considerable sum which he wanted carried a week longer, but Halle had refused to accommodate him for some reason and demanded his money. He had till noon to take up his note, and had raised the money to do so, now he supposed as Mr. Halle was in the hospital in a serious condition that the matter would have to go over anyway.

"I guess it will, Mr. Hartley," replied Phil. "Whatever securities you left with Mr. Halle can't be got at now."

"I suppose not. Well, I'll drop in again."

When Mr. Hartley went out another customer came in to make inquiries. The detective made another examination of the room and then went away, leaving Phil talking to the fourth caller. Customers continued to come in at intervals and Phil explained the situation to them. There being nobody in the office at one o'clock the boy went out to lunch off his last dime. He left a sign on the door stating that he would be back in half an hour. When he returned he found a sprucely dressed young man of perhaps five and twenty years walking nervously up and down in front of the door. Phil opened the door and walked in and the young man followed him. The young messenger had never seen him before, and

he didn't look like one of Mr. Halle's customers anyway.

"What can I do for you?" asked Phil, looking at him inquiringly.

The young man looked around the reception-room.

"Are you in charge of the office?" he asked.

"I am. Mr. Halle is in the hospital as the result of serious injuries received yesterday afternoon."

"I know. He is my uncle."

Phil didn't know anything about his employer's relatives, except that he lived with his sister, as none of them had ever come to the office.

"Is that so?" he said. "What is your name?"

"Dunstan Leach."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Leach. Come into the private room."

"My uncle was robbed, I understand?" said Leach when they were seated.

"Yes. Robbed and nearly killed by some rascal who evidently took him off his guard while he was at his safe."

"You had gone home, I suppose?"

"No, I was over to Brooklyn on an errand for him. When I returned with a reply about half-past five I found him stretched out on that rug like a dead man."

"Then you were the first to find him?"

"I was."

"Tell me all that happened then. You called an ambulance, I suppose, and sent for the police?"

"I did."

"What did the police do?"

"One of them was a detective. He took charge of things and hunted around to try and find a clue to the perpetrator of the outrage."

"Did he find anything?" asked Leach, leaning forward eagerly.

"I believe not."

"Are you sure he didn't find something?"

"He told me this morning when he was in here that he didn't."

"These detectives never tell all they know."

"Why should they? It's their business to keep mum."

"You were the first here anyway. I suppose you didn't find anything that might have struck you as being a clue?"

Phil was about to mention the watch-charm he had picked up; but as he had lost it he thought he had better not.

"If I had found anything I should have turned it over to the detective," he answered evasively.

"Yes, I dare say," replied Leach, looking sharply about on the floor near the safe, as if he was in search of a clue himself. "Does the detective know what was stolen from the safe?"

"How could he? I didn't know myself what Mr. Halle kept in his safe."

"There might have been a list of its contents somewhere in the desk."

"If the detective found such a list he didn't say anything about it to me."

"He ransacked the desk, did he?"

"He may have done so after I went home."

"You didn't see him go through the desk before you left?"

"No."

"And you don't know whether my uncle kept such a list or not?"

"I do not. He never told me any of his business. Why should he? I'm only his office boy and messenger."

"If such a list was found the securities could be traced, couldn't they?" asked Leach, looking hard at Phil.

"I believe they could by sending a list of them to the different exchanges throughout the country. The list would be posted up and the brokers would see it and look out for them if offered for sale. There is no evidence, however, that Mr. Halle kept any negotiable securities in his safe. I believe he had a safe deposit box for that purpose."

Dunstan Leach tapped the end of the desk nervously with his fingers.

"I wish I knew if such a list was in existence," he said.

"You might call on the detective, introduce yourself and ask him about it. He is attached to the Oak Street police station."

"He probably wouldn't tell me."

"He might, as you're a relative of Mr. Halle's."

"I, and his sister, my aunt, are his only relatives. Didn't he ever speak about me?"

"Not to me. All I know is that he lived with his sister uptown."

"Has she been here today?"

"No."

"She is probably at the hospital with him, then."

"Very likely."

Leach drummed on the desk some more. Altogether he acted in a very nervous way.

"You're going to remain in charge here, I suppose?" he said.

"Yes, until I get orders to the contrary from somebody authorized to give them."

"Say, will you do me a favor?"

"What kind of a favor?"

"Will you run out and get me a package of Turkish cigarettes? Here's half a dollar. They cost a quarter and you can keep the change."

Phil thought the young man's request a bit singular, but still as he was broke the quarter was something of an inducement.

"All right. If any callers come tell them to wait till I get back," said the boy, reaching for his hat.

Leach got up at the same time. Then it was that Phil's sharp eyes noticed where the young man's watch-chain was attached to his vest that some ornament once there had been forcibly torn away. He was about to call Leach's attention to it, but reconsidered the matter.

"If he's lost anything I guess he knows it," thought the boy.

He walked quickly out, slamming the door after him. Then he stopped as if something had struck his attention.

"I believe this Leach sent me for the cigarettes merely to get me out of the office for a few minutes," he muttered. "If that is so I wonder what's his object? How do I know he is Mr. Halle's nephew? I have only his word for it. He seemed very anxious about a possible list of securities that may or may not have been in the safe yesterday when Mr. Haile was alone up."

How do I know but this may be an accomplice of the rascal who did the deed who has been sent here to find out what he can about what has developed in the case so far? I don't believe I ought to leave him alone in the office. I think I'll sneak back and see what he is doing."

Phil opened the door softly, and leaving it ajar tiptoed over to the door of the private room which was open. Looking in he saw the young man down on his hands and knees in front of the safe poking under it with a foot-rule he had taken from the desk.

"What is he hunting for?" Phil asked himself.

CHAPTER VI.—Phil Gets the Reward.

While Phil was looking at him the corridor door was pushed open and another of Mr. Halle's customers entered to find out whether the securities he had deposited on a loan were safe.

The boy heard him come in and went to meet him. He thought he'd take advantage of his presence to go for the cigarettes.

"How do you do, Mr. Handy," he said. "Just step into the private room. I'll be back in about five minutes."

Phil then rushed for the elevator, and inside of ten minutes was back in the office.

He found that Dunstan Leach had gone, which confirmed his suspicion that the cigarette errand was only a blind. However, he didn't care, as he was a quarter ahead, and could pay his carfare up to Tiffany's store when he closed up at four.

"Who was that young man I found in here when I came?" asked Mr. Handy.

"He introduced himself to me as Mr. Halle's nephew, so I s'pose he is," replied Phil.

"I found him on his hands and knees before the safe looking for something."

"I know," said Phil. "He was looking for a clue, I guess to the man who done up his uncle."

"He looked a bit confused when he saw me, made some explanation which I could not understand, and then went away," said Mr. Handy.

"Well, what can I do for you, sir? Did you come to ask about Mr. Halle's condition?"

"I came to inquire about my securities. I wanted to make sure that they had not been stolen yesterday when the safe was cleaned out."

"I guess your securities are all right. They are no doubt in Mr. Halle's safe deposit box. I don't believe he kept any of his customers' property in the office."

"Glad to hear it. What is the latest report about Mr. Halle?"

"I haven't heard, sir."

At that moment the telephone bell rang. Phil put the receiver to his ear and found that Mr. Halle's sister was at the other end of the wire.

"How is Mr. Halle?" asked the boy.

"In a very critical condition," came back the answer. "Are you the office boy, Phil Tennant?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You've been at the office all day?"

Phil replied that he had, since half-past nine. The lady asked what had taken place at the office since he opened up. Phil told her he had about a dozen callers—customers who had dropped in

to inquire about the money-lender and other matters.

"A young man was here a little while ago who said his name was Dunstan Leach, and that he was Mr. Halle's nephew."

"What did he want?"

Phil gave her a general outline of his interview with Leach.

"If he comes again have as little as possible to say to him. Neither my brother nor myself have much confidence in him. In fact, Mr. Halle has forbidden him to call at the office."

The lady then said that she would probably be down to the office some time next day to see what arrangements could be made for the accommodation of her brother's customers who wanted to cancel their loans and get their securities back. Phil reported Mr. Halle's condition to Mr. Handy.

"He is not likely to be at his office for some time, I guess, if he is fortunate enough to get well," said the broker.

"I'm afraid not," replied the boy.

"Who will attend to his business in the meantime?"

"His sister is going to look after it."

"All right," said Mr. Handy, getting up and taking his leave.

Promptly at four o'clock Phil closed the office and took a car uptown. Fortunately it was a comparatively mild day for February and he did not miss his overcoat much. Reaching Tiffany's store he entered the place and inquired for the manager. On being ushered into that gentleman's office he announced that he had found the necklace the firm had advertised for, and had brought it with him. He took it out of his pocket and laid it on the manager's desk.

"Where did you find it?" asked the gentleman.

Phil gave the particulars of how it had come into his possession. That was a lucky fall, for you have made \$2,000 by it, and the lady to whom it belongs will be very happy to get it back so soon."

After looking the ornament over carefully, and noting that it was all there, the manager sent for the sum mentioned and paid it over to Phil, taking his receipt for it. The young messenger thanked him, and left the store as happy as a lark. To think that he was actually the possessor of so much money as \$2,000 was a most exhilarating sensation. He had never owned two thousand cents at one time in all his life. Most boys in his circumstances would have been bewildered by such sudden prosperity. Not so Phil. He had a cool, level head, young as he was. He knew just what he was going to do with that money. First of all he intended to provide a home for his mother, and a much better one than she had been used to in the last few years. Then he meant to give her some of the money to buy herself new clothes and such other things as she needed, for they had lost everything by the fire. He also proposed to lay out some of it on Mazy Brooks. Lastly, he would buy 150 shares of A. & B., the stock he had the tip on.

It was ruling at 80, and the margin he would have to put up would be \$1,500.

He did not worry about the risk he would be

taking, for he was satisfied that the stock was a sure winner, and he calculated on making at least \$2,000 clear profit. He made all his plans while speeding downtown on the elevated en route for the tenement where his mother and Mazy were stopping with the O'Brien family.

He did not forget to include Mrs. O'Brien in his money dispensing scheme, for it was his purpose to make her a handsome present for her kindness to his mother and Mazy. When he reached the tenement, he found his mother and Mazy helping Mrs. O'Brien prepare supper. He called his mother aside and communicated the news of his good fortune to her. She could hardly believe him, for \$2,000 looked like a fortune to her. He had no trouble in convincing her, for he had the bills to show her. Then he told her about his plans for taking a small house somewhere up in the Greenwich Village district.

"Mazy is to go with us, for my object is to get her away from that Frenchman for good. He has no real interest in her. All he wants her around for is to keep house for him, and save the expense of a woman. He has treated her in a heartless manner, as you know, and it's high time she was rescued from his clutches. At any rate I've made up my mind to stand by her in downright earnest, and I'm going to do it."

"But your father won't want to go over on the west side, which is some distance from the shipping on South Street," objected his mother.

"I wish you wouldn't keep calling him my father. He isn't, and I'm mighty glad of it. I don't propose to consult his wishes in this matter. He doesn't work enough anyway to make any difference whether he lives near South Street or the Harlem River. If he wants work at his business he will find all the opening he needs on the North River piers. However, I don't think we'll be troubled with him anyway for some months to come."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked his mother anxiously.

"He got into a scrap in a saloon last night and was arrested. He'll probably be sent to the Island for a period. You ought to be thankful to be rid of him, for he's no ornament to the family."

Phil's mother looked distressed at the news, for though no one realized better than she what a disreputable man Mr. Sculler had become, still he was her husband, and, womanlike, she stuck to him. Phil, however, had not the slightest respect for his stepfather, as Mr. Sculler had handled the boy more or less without gloves; and he laid all his mother's hard life at his door. With Mr. Sculler on the Island, Phil expected both his mother and himself would have peace and quiet for a while; and when the longshoreman had served his time, and found his way back to the bosom of his family, Phil intended to let him know that he was no longer the head of the household. Phil had a short talk with Mazy, and the girl, after some hesitation, due to her terror of Monsieur Bouteille, agreed to come and live with him and his mother on the west side of the town, where her young protector assured her that the Frenchman would hardly think of looking for her. The young messenger then went to supper at a nearby restaurant. Afterward he provided himself with a new overcoat, and fearing to trust

himself with so much money in a cheap lodging-house he hired a room for the night at the Astor House.

CHAPTER VII.—Phil Goes Into the Market.

Next morning after breakfast Phil called around at the O'Briens', gave his mother \$200, and told her to take Mazy with her and go house hunting in the district he had picked out.

"As soon as you settle on the house go to Blank & Co., the furniture dealers, and pick out what is necessary to fit the place up in shipshape style. Pay \$100 down on it, and arrange to pay the balance inside of a month. You ought to get a cash figure at that rate. Order the things to be delivered to-morrow, so we can get down to house-keeping with as little delay as possible. When you return here, give Mrs. O'Brien \$20 for her kindness in harboring you and Mazy. That ought to pay her handsomely for the inconvenience she has been put to. Now good-bye till I see you after I'm through for the day."

Phil then started for Wall Street.

Before going to his office he stopped in at a little banking and brokerage house on Nassau Street and left his order for 150 shares of A. & B. at the market, putting up the \$1,500 margin. Then he went to the office and opened up. About half-past nine Mrs. Bonne, Mr. Halle's sister, who was a widow, made her appearance at the office, and had a talk with Phil. She arranged with him to take full charge of the business till further notice at double the wages he was getting, and to report to her daily, in the evening, at her home on Lexington Avenue. She called with him at the safe deposit vault where her brother had his box, and had an interview with the head official. She had the key to the box, taken from her brother's pocket at the hospital, and agreed to file a bond with the company to cover her right to get at the securities necessary to collect the loans. She introduced Phil as her representative for the present. The arrangement proposed was not in accordance with the policy of safe deposit companies, but the case was an exceptional one, and the manager recognized the fact that the brokers to whom the securities belonged might easily be put to great loss if they were unable to redeem them if they wanted to do so. Still the difficulty presented itself that Mr. Halle might die at any moment, and his death would of necessity close his box just as it would tie up his bank account till the surrogate court had passed upon his sister's right to his property.

It was finally agreed that a list of the securities presumed to be in the box should be intrusted to the manager, and that when any of them was needed he and Phil would open the box together, and if, in his judgment, it was proper to take the said securities from the box it should be done, but the amount of the loan, with full interest, together with the broker's receipt for his securities, would have to be turned over to the safe deposit company. This being the only arrangement that could be made it was agreed to.

As no arrangement could be made at the bank where Mr. Halle kept his account, his sister told Phil that she would advance all the money needed

to run the office. Under these conditions Phil became the boss for the time being of the money-lender's office. When Phil turned up at the home of the O'Briens that afternoon about five o'clock his mother and Mazy had just got back from their house-hunting expedition.

Mrs. Sculler had lost the greater part of the morning looking up her worthless husband, and at last learned that the longshoreman had been sent to the Island for a year. An official of the police court informed her that her husband might consider himself lucky at not being held for the action of the Grand Jury for the assault he had been guilty of, since an indictment would probably have been found against him, and he would have stood a good show of going to the State prison for two or three years at least.

Mr. Sculler had been shipped off the preceding afternoon as soon as he was sentenced, and there wasn't a chance of his getting back to the city until his time expired, so his wife had to resign herself to the inevitable.

That was the first news she had to tell Phil, and no one will blame him for being glad to hear it, though he sympathized with his mother in her distress.

Then she told him that she had rented a house on a side street not far from Christopher, and wanted him to go and look at it in the morning.

He took the number and said he would, though he was perfectly satisfied to accept anything that suited her.

"I've arranged with the furniture people," she said. "There are four bedrooms. Mazy and I will occupy one after you have picked out the one you prefer, and then I intend to fit up the other two and rent them."

"A good idea, mother, and what I was going to propose to you," replied Phil.

"I might also be able to rent the parlor and the sitting-room back of it, as I hardly think it necessary for us to use them, for we are not likely to have much company. We will have the dining-room and kitchen in the basement for living rooms. By renting all the four rooms we will be able to pay our rent and perhaps have something over to put by for a rainy day."

"That's all right, but don't forget I have \$1,800 left of the money I received for returning the necklace. I have invested \$1,500 of that in a railroad stock that I expect to turn me in a profit of anywhere from \$2,000 to \$2,500 inside of a couple of weeks."

"Is that possible!" exclaimed his astonished mother, holding up her hands, while Mazy regarded Phil as a prospective young Monte Cristo.

"Sure as you live," replied Phil, cheerfully. "That money couldn't have come to me at a luckier time. I expect it will make my fortune."

"I can't understand such good fortune coming to us all at once."

"It never rains but it pours, mother. I was made boss of the office to-day until Mr. Halle either recovers or, in case of his death, his affairs are wound up, which of course will take time, at double my former wages."

"What! Twelve dollars!"

"Yes, twelve dollars. Mrs. Bonne, Mr. Halle's sister, has assumed temporary control of the office, and I am her representative now."

"My, how fortunate you are!"

"Yes, luck has come my way at last. I only hope it will stick."

"If your father hadn't—"

"Don't mention him, mother. If he hadn't got in trouble and been sent away where he'll have to keep sober for a year, which ought to do him a lot of good, he would only be a trouble breeder, and try to queer my plans. He'd hold me up for money to feed his appetite for liquor right along on the threat to take you back to the slums, and I'd have to give in to him or have him pulled up before a magistrate and put under bonds to behave himself. As he wouldn't be able to find a bondsman he'd stay in jail, anyway. It's about time that you realized he has tried my patience, if not yours, to the limit."

His mother had nothing more to say on the subject. She looked sad, for she still cared for her husband, though she loved her boy the most, and was proud of him and his growing success.

"The next thing you must do, and you may as well start in to-morrow, is to buy yourself and Mazy a brand new outfit of clothes and whatever else you both need. Mazy is now under my wing, and I'm going to see that her present and future are provided for," he went on, looking at the girl with a brotherly eye. "You have no objection, have you, little girl?"

"You are too good to me, Phil," she replied, with a confiding and affectionate glance. "I shall never forget you—never."

"That's right. I don't want you to forget me."

"I am willing to work for you and your mother as long as I live," she said.

"You can help mother, but I shan't let you overdo the matter. You have never had any enjoyment that I know of, and I guess it is time that a fair share of recreation came your way. You leave that to me. I will see that you have a good time occasionally."

"But if Monsieur Boutelle should find me he'll insist on taking me away with him, and that would make me dreadfully unhappy, for then I'd never see you any more."

"Don't you worry about Monsieur Boutelle. If he should locate you he'll have me and the law to deal with."

"But you don't know what a dangerous man he is," replied Mazy, anxiously. "He wouldn't rest till he revenged himself on you."

"I'm not afraid of him. He has no legal claim on you that the courts will support in face of his past conduct. You shall never get back into his clutches while I am alive. I shall protect you against every artifice on his part, and the moment he goes too far I'll land him in the Tombs."

At that juncture Mrs. O'Brien announced supper, and invited Phil to partake of the meal with the family. The boy excused himself, however, as he knew the table would be crowded anyway, and bidding his mother and Mazy good-bye for the present took his way to a good restaurant some blocks away.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Rise of A. & B.

Next morning soon after Phil reached the office he got a telephone message from Mrs. Bonne that her brother was a little better, but by no means out of danger. He had recovered con-

sciousness, but not the use of his intellect. Phil reported these facts to several of Mr. Halle's customers who came in that day. During the morning the boy called up the police station and inquired for the detective who was on the case. He was not in, so Phil asked the man at the wire if any clue had been discovered to the perpetrator of the deed, and received a reply in the negative. Now that he was in authority at the office, Phil made a thorough search of his employer's desk to find out if there was any list of the contents of the safe. He could find none. Then he went over the money-lender's books and made out a list of his customers in debt to him, with the amount of their loan and the collateral they had deposited as security. Some of these accounts had notes in the book opposite them indicating about how long Mr. Halle proposed to let them run, as well as other points he made use of in conducting his business. Phil reproduced all these notes on his list and that evening he submitted the list to Mrs. Boone when he called at her house. She gave him directions what to do with respect to the different loans. As all collections would have to be deposited with the safe deposit people no more loans could be made until Mr. Halle was able to take up business again. In the event of the money-lender's death the business would be wound up. That night Phil went to the house his mother had rented and where the furniture and carpetings had already been put in. His mother and Mazy were established in their room and he spent the balance of the evening fixing up his.

The first thing he did next morning was to look up A. & B. in the market report, and he found it had gone up one point. That was satisfactory as a starter. Next day was Saturday and Mrs. Boone appeared about noon and paid Phil his \$12 wages. As soon as she went away he closed the office. During the following week A. & B. gradually advanced to 85 without attracting special attention, as other stocks in the list advanced more or less also, for the market was strongly bullish. The financial and other papers said that further advances might be expected, and these notices brought a crowd of lambs to the Street. As a consequence business flourished in the financial district, and the majority of brokers were reaping a harvest in commissions.

Phil, his mother and Mazy by this time were settled in their new home, and it seemed a palace to them to what they had been used to for many years. Nothing had been heard of Monsieur Bouteille, and Mazy was beginning to enjoy her new life. Phil's mother had paid a visit to her husband at the Island, and then he learned to his surprise how well the family was getting on. As he hadn't had anything to drink since the spree which led to the fire and his subsequent arrest and conviction, he looked better than he had for some time, and acted pretty respectfully toward his wife, which encouraged her to hope that he might be a different man when he had served his time.

Mr. Halle had improved some, and the doctors entertained some hopes of his ultimate recovery; but his brain was still off, and it seemed likely that he would have to be sent to some sanitarium. Phil had little to attend to at the office, and devoted his time to watching the market, particularly the course of his deal. On the following Monday, soon after the Exchange opened for

business, Phil, who was watching the ticker in his office saw A. & B. rising steadily.

"I believe the boom has started," he said to himself.

It went up to 90 that morning, putting the boy \$1,500 ahead of his deal. When he went to his lunch he dropped into the gallery of the Stock Exchange and watched the excitement on the floor. Everything appeared to be going up, and A. & B. had advanced three points more.

"I'm \$1,200 better off on paper than when I came down this morning," he told himself, with a thrill of satisfaction. "Things look swimmingly, so I guess I can afford to hold on for awhile yet. I might even clear \$3,000, though that seems almost too much to look for."

Phil stayed half an hour at the Exchange and then returned to the office. While he was watching the continued upward move of A. & B. on the ticker the door opened and Dunstan Leach walked in. He was dressed in ever better style than when Phil first made his acquaintance. As the boy took him in, after saying, "How do you do," he noticed that the young man had a handsome enameled watch-charm attached to his watch-chain. Phil thought it looked very like the one he had found beside Mr. Halle as he lay on the floor before the safe.

"You went off rather suddenly the day you were here," he said to the visitor. "You didn't wait for that package of cigarettes you sent me for."

"I know. I recalled an engagement that I had to keep, and as it was close on to the time I hurried off to keep it," explained Leach.

"Well, here are your cigarettes," said Phil, opening a drawer in the desk and handing him the box.

"Thanks," said the young man. "Have one?" he said, opening the box and offering it to Phil.

"No thanks, I never smoke."

"Is that a fact? I thought all boys smoked," he said, lighting a cigarette, helping himself to a chair and crossing his legs, as if he felt quite at home.

"I believe there are a good many exceptions. At any rate I am one."

"How are things?" asked the visitor, in a lazy way.

The nervousness he had shown on the former occasion had entirely disappeared.

"You mean how is the office getting on in Mr. Halle's absence?"

"Yes."

"It's open and doing business," replied Phil, who, mindful of Mrs. Boone's warning, was not giving out any real information to Dunstan Leach.

"My aunt is running it, isn't she?"

"Just at present I am running it."

"Well, you are acting for her, of course."

Phil made no reply.

"I say you are acting for her."

"I heard you."

"Why don't you admit it?"

"What interest is the matter to you?"

"I'm her nephew, and Mr. Halle's, and ought to know what's going on."

"Then if you want information on the subject you'd better call on Mrs. Boone."

"Why should I when you can give it to me just as well?"

"I'm not paid to give out anything connected with the office."

"But I'm an interested party."

"Then apply to your aunt."

Leach tapped his foot impatiently with his light cane.

"The fact is that I'm not on the best terms with my aunt," he admitted with some hesitation.

"Well, I'm sorry, but I can't tell you anything."

"Look here, I'll make it all right with you if you put me wise to what I want to learn."

"I'm not accepting bribes, Mr. Leach," replied Phil, coldly. "The business done in this office has always been of a confidential nature. As far as I am concerned it will remain so, so there isn't a bit of use of you trying to pump me."

Leach flashed an angry look at the boy.

"Will you answer me one question—has that detective made any progress toward catching the man who attacked my uncle and then robbed him?"

"No, I don't think he has," replied Phil.

A look of satisfaction rested for a moment on the visitor's face. Phil noticed it, and his aversion to Leach was intensified. His suspicion had its foundation the day of Leach's first visit when he noticed that the young man had lost some ornament from his watch-chain. More than once he wondered if there was any connection between the ornament he had found beside Mr. Halle and the one missing from Leach's chain. It hardly seemed reasonable, and he would have dismissed the idea as absurd, but for the young man's actions and line of questions.

"And the list I spoke about, it hasn't been found, I suppose?"

"I decline to answer that question."

"Why?"

"For reasons which I do not care to discuss."

"You need not be afraid to trust me. As Mr. Halle's nephew—"

"I don't care if you were his brother, I should still decline to answer the question, so, let's change the subject. I see you've been investing in a new watch-charm."

"Eh? A new watch-charm!" exclaimed Leach, with a kind of guilty start. "What do you mean?"

"I merely remarked that you had provided yourself with a new one."

"Not at all. I've always worn this one."

"You didn't have it on the last time you were here."

"Certainly I did."

"I'm thinking you are mistaken, Mr. Leach. I took particular notice of the fact that the ornament which had decorated your watch-chain had been forcibly detached, as if by accident."

Leach sat and glared at Phil like an animal at bay. Then his manner altered and with a forced laugh he said:

"Yes, yes, you are right. I caught it in the elevator when I came up and it was torn off. I had it in my pocket at the time, and a day or two afterward had it repaired by a jeweler. Phil smiled and made no reply. He was satisfied that Dunstan Leach was lying.

CHAPTER IX.—The Dodge of the Smooth-Faced Man.

"Well," said Leach, after an awkward silence, "since you won't tell me anything I won't take up any more of your time. Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Leach."

The visitor rose from his chair and walked with seeming carelessness out of the room.

"Can the boy have found—I beg your pardon, sir," he ejaculated as he bumped into a sharp-featured man who was in the act of coming into the office.

"No harm done," replied the stranger, taking Leach in from head to foot.

The new-comer walked into the private room and closed the door after him. Phil looked up and recognized him as the detective who had been working on the Halle case.

"How do you do, Mr. Maguire," he said. "Take a seat."

The detective nodded and sat down.

"You just had a visitor," he said.

"Yes. Mr. Halle's nephew. His name is Dunstan Leach," replied Phil.

"Indeed," said the officer, jumping up. "I've been looking for him. I will call again."

The detective immediately left without stating what business had brought him to the office. Phil looked after his retreating form reflectively.

"I wonder if—"

The thought he was about to give utterance to was cut short by the ring of the telephone. A certain broker who had negotiated a loan with Mr. Halle a day or two before his misfortune was on the wire, and he wanted to know if he could settle his indebtedness and recover his collateral. Phil told him he could, and after consulting the loan book and figuring up the interest told the trader to send a certified check for the amount and his securities would be returned to him. Hanging up the receiver Phil turned to the ticker at his elbow. He had not taken note of A. & B. since coming into the office, when it stood at 94. The tape was alive with quotations on the stock, the latest of which was 105.

"Whew!" cried Phil, in no little excitement. "It has boomed like a house afire since I left the Exchange. I didn't count on it going as high as that. Why," after a rapid mental calculation, "that puts me over \$3,700 ahead. I must sell out at once, for I can't afford to take any more chances on it."

He put on his hat, locked up the office and rushed to the little bank on Nassau Street. When he entered the reception-room, which was filled with customers, and hazy tobacco smoke, A. & B. was quoted on the blackboard at 105 3-8. He reached the window and ordered his 150 shares sold.

"They will be sold in ten minutes," said the margin clerk.

Half an hour later the bears raided the stock and precipitated a slump that caused a small panic and brought A. & B. down to 9 with a run.

"I didn't get out any too quick," thought the boy, as he watched the falling of the stock. Next day the bank settled with him and he found that his profits amounted to \$3,800.

"That's fine," he said. "I'm worth over \$5,000."

Nothing like the stock market for making money. I'm going to follow it up and make my fortune. It's the fellow who takes chances that wins—if he's lucky, and I'm ready to gamble any day on my luck."

His mother was astonished and proportionately delighted when he showed her the five \$1,000 bills and several lesser notes that he brought home that afternoon.

"Why, Phil!" she exclaimed. "How could you make so much as that?"

"By taking advantage of certain inside information I got hold of in Wall Street, and backing it to the extent of my pile. My profit has amounted to more than double the amount I put up. That's the way money is made in the Street."

He bought new gowns and hats for his mother and Mazy on the strength of his good luck, and also treated them to the theatre and a supper afterward. While they were eating their supper in the restaurant, Phil was somewhat surprised to see Dunstan Leach enter with a companion—a smoothly shaven chap about his own age, with rather a hard-looking face.

"That fellow has the countenance of a crook," thought Phil, referring to Leach's companion. "If that is a specimen of Leach's associates I don't think much of the crowd he goes with."

The two sat at a table not far from where Phil, his mother and Mazy were eating, and they ordered a swell meal, with a couple of bottles of champagne. Phil heard them give the order to the waiter, and he wondered if Leach was standing for it. He watched the pair furtively and noticed that they appeared to be on very confidential terms. Finally the waiter brought the first part of their order and they began to eat. By that time he and his party were ready to leave the restaurant. On his way home he thought more than once of Dunstan Leach and his hard-looking associate, and he could not help reflecting that the nephew of Mr. Halle was in pretty shady company. Phil's success in A. & B. had inoculated him with the speculative fever, and he devoted all his spare time, which was considerable, to the study of the market. Several financial papers came to the office regularly, and he read them with great diligence. He followed the daily market report closely, and nothing escaped him that was likely to throw any light on Wall Street affairs. In a few days he saw that L. & M. was looking up. As he was standing in the main entrance of the office building he heard two traders speaking about the stock. One of them remarked that he had just bought several thousand shares on the strength of information he had received from a friend who was in touch with the officials of the company.

"I look to see it go up at least ten points by this time next week," he said. "If I were you, Rigby, I'd get in on it. You can take my word for it that it will pan out a winner."

"I guess I will," replied his companion. "I'm always in line when there's anything good on the tapis."

"You won't make any mistake in buying L. & M.," replied the other.

The two walked away, leaving Phil much interested in what they had said.

"I believe myself that L. & M. is worth taking a chance in," he thought. "I'll look into the matter further."

With that reflection Phil went upstairs to his office. As he had nothing particular on hand he took up a small book that gave the past performances of the Stock Exchange list for over a year back, and turning to L. & M. looked it over. It was a good stock, generally ruling around par. It was now down to 92, the lowest point it had been for at least a year. After he had closed up the office Phil went around and made inquiries about it and the information he acquired was so favorable that he decided to plunge on it to the limit of his pile. Accordingly next morning he called at the little bank on Nassau Street and ordered 500 shares bought for his account, putting up a margin of \$5,000. During the day he received word that the shares had been purchased at 92, and were held subject to his order. He was returning from his lunch when he saw a crowd in front of one of the Wall Street buildings.

"What's the trouble?" he asked a bystander.

"Some boy taken with a fit—a messenger, I guess," was the reply.

At that moment an ambulance came dashing up to the spot, and the surgeon leaped out and forced his way through the crowd. Phil noticed a smooth-faced man, very like the individual he had seen in the restaurant with Dunstan Leach, fall in behind him and follow him. A policeman who was present began shoving the crowd back, and in the shuffle Phil found himself on the inside of the mob of spectators, and got a clear view of the stricken boy, who was lying close to the curb. Phil recognized him as a boy he knew who was a messenger of a certain National bank. One of his hands rested on a small compact bundle which he had been carrying when he fell down. Phil saw the smooth-faced man say something to the surgeon, who was taking a blanket out of the ambulance which had been driven close to the sidewalk and the boy. When the surgeon knelt down beside the patient, the smooth-faced man did the same, and raised the boy a little so the doctor could put the folded blanket under his head.

After doing that he picked up the bundle from under the boy's hand and held it while talking to the surgeon and making himself useful one way or another. Phil kept his eye on him, for something struck him that the fellow was not honest, and that his purpose was to get away with the bundle under the very eyes of the policeman and the crowd if he could manage it.

"I'm sure that's the chap I saw with Leach, and I didn't like his face. I put him down as a crook then, and I believe he is. If he tries to make off with that bundle I'll stop him. It probably contains something of value—maybe a bunch of negotiable securities."

The boy now began to give signs of reviving, seeing which the smooth-faced man got up and said loud enough for half the crowd to hear:

"You'll take him to the hospital, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied the surgeon.

"I'll go on to the bank, then, and notify the cashier what has happened to our messenger. I guess this is the first time Bob ever had a fit."

Phil knew that the boy's name was not Bob, but Tom Smith, and the fact that the man called him Bob was a sure indication that the boy was a stranger to him.

"That's a fake, his going to the bank with the

news of Tom's misfortune," he muttered. "Just an excuse to get out of the crowd with the bundle."

The smooth-faced man nodded to the doctor and started to leave.

"Hold on!" cried Phil, barring the man's way. "That package doesn't belong to you."

"Get out of my way!" snarled the fellow, glaring at the boy.

"No, I won't," replied Phil, sturdily; "you sha'n't get away with that boy's property."

The altercation, of course, attracted the attention of the policeman and the spectators. The smooth-faced man, seeing that his purpose had been detected, and that if the policeman investigated the matter, as no doubt he would, he would be in trouble, suddenly smashed Phil in the face with his left fist, sending the boy staggering back, and then pushing his way through the mob made a dash down the street.

CHAPTER X.—Phil Corners the Crook.

Great excitement immediately ensued. The moment Phil recovered from the shock of the blow he shouted "Stop thief!" and forcing a passage for himself through the yielding spectators, started after the rascal. The policeman, satisfied there was something wrong about the man, from his actions, started at Phil's heels. A part of the crowd hardly understanding the merits of the case, but confident that the smooth-faced man was a thief because he had taken to his heels, joined in the hue and cry down Wall Street. The fugitive led by more than forty feet, as he had secured a good start, and though Phil soon cut down that distance by a third, the man gained Pearl Street and disappeared around the corner.

When Phil dashed around the corner at full speed the smooth-faced man had disappeared. The boy kept on for fifty feet and then stopped to look around. He sprang on the narrow platform in front of the entrance to a wholesale establishment to get a better view, but the thief was not to be seen anywhere. Pearl Street is not over wide and is darkened by the elevated railway structure overhead. Moreover, it was obstructed by many trucks. The smooth-faced man had lots of points in his favor to block his pursuers and make his escape. He might be slinking along beside one of the trucks going south which would shield him from observation. With that idea in his head Phil dashed across the way and mounted one of the platforms on that side, but the change did him no good. There wasn't any sign of the thief anywhere. Phil bit his lips in vexation. The policeman and the crowd had also lost the scent and come to a halt. Naturally, as the moments flew, the mob grew bigger, receiving many additions from directions other than Wall Street who were attracted by the gathering and the policeman.

"Where in thunder could he have gone?" muttered Phil.

Then it struck the boy that the fugitive might have run down into one of the open cellars. He inquired of a truckman who was loading his team if he had seen a man with a small bundle under his arm running that way. The truckman had not noticed such a person. Phil asked others in

the immediate neighborhood, but could not get a clue to the rascal.

"I'm afraid he'll get clear off with his plunder," thought the boy. "He's a pretty slick rooster. However, I got a good look at his face and I'll know him again if I ever meet him. Still that won't do any good. Unless he can be caught with the goods I couldn't prove anything against him. His word in court would be as good as mine, though if he has a record with the police that would tell against him."

Phil didn't like the idea of the rascal getting away, and he determined to enter the cellar nearest him and investigate. It was only a chance shot, but he considered it worth the effort. The place was dark and obstructed with heavy barrels. It extended the full distance under the warehouse and to go prying about in such a place was to run every chance of soiling one's clothes. Such a consideration as that did not for a moment deter the resolute boy. He struck a match and looked around, never thinking that the barrels might contain oil, for they were greasy and dirty enough to suggest such contents, or some other inflammable stuff. He was a careful lad, however, and did not toss the expiring match recklessly aside.

His first attempt revealed nothing but more barrels, some piled sidewise in tiers. There was only one passage through the cellar, and that was in the middle. He lit a second match and advancing cautiously glanced sharply from side to side among the barrels that stood on end. There were lots of dark places where a man might hide and escape casual observation. By the time he reached the back of the cellar he had exhausted half a dozen matches without any result. Then he saw a door before him. Laying his hand on the knob it yielded to his touch. He opened it and looked out into a narrow yard. It was littered with rubbish and dirt, and was shut in by four tall brick walls. Although when Phil looked out he had no expectation of seeing his man, yet there he was, seated carelessly on an old box, smoking a cigarette, with the air of a person thoroughly at ease. The package lay on the box beside him, and he was looking at the ground as if he saw something of interest there. The opening of the door and Phil's step caused him to look up quickly, and he laid one hand on the package.

"Well," said Phil, with a thrill of satisfaction, "I see you're here."

"What do you want?" the man said, with a note of menace in his voice.

"I want that package for one thing," replied Phil, advancing.

The rascal rose and faced him in a belligerent way.

"What are you talking about?" he demanded.

"You know what I'm talking about. I want that package belonging to the bank messenger which you walked off with."

If the rascal hadn't recognized the boy before he did now, and he uttered a smothered imprecation.

"You're talking through your hat," he answered with a scowl.

"The cop will be here in a few moments so you'd better hand it over," said Phil, hoping to intimidate him.

As there was no outlet from the yard except through the door into the cellar of the warehouse,

the boy had him cornered. The fellow evidently realized the fact. If the policeman was following the boy he would be caught. Prompt action alone would avail him. He must get by the boy and try to escape to the street. He put his hand to his hip pocket and drew a revolver he had there. Phil, however, was watching every move he made, knowing that the man was a tough proposition for him to handle. The moment he saw his hand go to his back pocket he suspected his object and sprang at him. The revolver flashed in the air, but before he could use it Phil grabbed the wrist of the hand that held it.

"Let go, blame you!" snarled the crook, striking at Phil with his left fist.

The boy dodged the blow and wrenched the fellow's wrist with both hands so sharply that he cried out, and struck at Phil again, this time landing on the back of his head a glancing blow. Phil saw that something had to be done quick, so holding the fellow's wrist with his left he fetched him a heavy blow in his stomach with his right. The crook was staggered, and half doubled up with a groan. Phil took advantage of his chance and wrenched the revolver from his fingers.

"Now," he said, picking up the package which the fellow had dropped, and backing away, "you might as well give in for you haven't got the ghost of a show."

To attract attention the boy fired the pistol twice in the air. Faces immediately appeared at the windows of the story above the basement, and one of the sashes was thrown up.

"What's this?" asked the man, looking down into the yard, evidently surprised at what he saw.

"Get a policeman to come here, will you?" said Phil. "I've got a crook cornered. He stole a package from a bank messenger on Wall Street a little while ago, and I chased him into this yard. There was a cop on the street looking for him, too, a few minutes since."

While speaking Phil held the rascal at bay with the revolver. The man spoke to a subordinate beside him and the latter went away.

"I'll get square with you for this, you young imp!" hissed the baffled crook.

"I don't think you'll get the chance," replied Phil.

"If I don't I've friends who will fix you."

"Meaning Dunstan Leach for one, perhaps."

The crook looked a bit surprised, for it was clear that the boy knew more about him than he had thought.

"What do you know about Dunstan Leach?" he growled.

"I know he's a pal of yours, for I've seen you together."

"You know a whole lot too much," snarled the crook. "You'd better let me go. You've got the package. What more do you want?"

"To land you in jail."

"You'll be sorry for it if you do."

"I'll take the risk."

Phil noticed that the crook was slowly edging toward him with a sinister motive, doubtless, so he backed toward the door. The man, evidently rendered resolute by his predicament, suddenly dashed at the boy. Phil, seeing blood in his eye, fired in self-defence. Although the distance between them was short, the bullet missed the crook by a hair, for it takes a pretty steady hand to

aim straight under such circumstances. Phil had no time to cock the weapon and fire again, for the man was on him. All he could do was to dodge as best he could, reverse the revolver and strike out with the butt. The chances were all against him landing an effective blow. Nevertheless it reached the thief's head with a crack that sent him down upon his hands and knees, half stunned. At that moment a policeman appeared at the door.

Phil saw him as he was about to throw himself on the dazed crook.

"Here's your man," he said; "take charge of him."

A moment later the officer had the fellow handcuffed.

CHAPTER XI.—The Missing Watch-Charm Turns Up.

When the crook recovered sufficiently to get on his feet he was marched off by the cop, and Phil went along to make the charge against him.

He carried the package which he laid, as evidence, on the desk when they reached the station. Then he told his story. The prisoner had nothing to say, so his name, which he gave as John Doe, and other particulars were taken down on the blotter, and then he was taken to a cell and locked up. Phil was directed to be at the Tombs Police Court in the morning to appear against him. As soon as he left the station, Phil went directly to the bank that Tom Smith worked for, asked for the cashier, and told him what had happened to his messenger and the package he was carrying when stricken down. The cashier already knew some of the facts, and that Smith had been carried to the hospital. He had heard the package had been stolen under the nose of the crowd and a policeman, and Headquarters had been notified of the bank's loss. He complimented Phil on his plucky conduct, and assured him that the bank would express its appreciation of his services in some suitable form.

"I'll be at the court myself in the morning," he said, after taking the boy's name and business address. "The bank will push the case against the rascal."

Phil then took his leave and returned to his office. At the examination of the thief next morning the magistrate remanded him for the action of the Grand Jury, and as the package contained securities of considerable value his bail was made heavy. A few days later L. & M. shares began to advance on the market, and in the course of the week it reached par. That put Phil a matter of \$4,000 to the good so far. With the opening of the following week L. & M. kept on going up, and began to attract a lot of attention. On Wednesday it was ruling at $112\frac{3}{8}$, and at that figure Phil sold out, for he didn't consider it prudent to take any more risk on it. There was no break in the stock for several days after that, and when the tide turned it went down slowly, and nobody but a few lambs who had bought at top notch price lost anything to speak of through it.

Phil figured up his profit at \$10,000, and his statement from the bank bore him out, so when

he got his money he told his mother and Mazy that he was now worth \$15,000 in ready cash.

"You're making money fast, Phil," said his mother, quite unable to comprehend how her son, who had lately been struggling along on wages of \$6 a week, had suddenly developed into a small capitalist.

"That's what I am, mother," he replied. "All I needed was a start, and the necklace I found gave me that."

"But it seems like a dream that you have made \$10,000 in less than two weeks. I have often heard that money was easily made by some people in Wall Street, but I never expected to see you make it so easily. How do you do it?"

"If I told you, you would hardly understand. In my case it was partly through good judgment in picking out the right stock to plunge on, and more with the aid of good luck bringing things my way. As events turned out I couldn't very well have got caught even had I overshot the mark, for I got the stock at low-water mark, and when the reaction set in it was so slow that very few people were hurt in their pocketbooks."

"How can you attend to your office business and your speculation at the same time?"

"Easily. I have very little work to do at the office. We are making no new loans. Merely calling in those outstanding by degrees."

"How is Mr. Halle getting on?"

"He's getting on all right, physically speaking, but mentally he seems to be all in. His sister is going to take him to a sanitarium in a day or two. The blow he received on the head has made a mild kind of lunatic of him. He may eventually recover his reason, but the hospital doctors will not hazard an opinion as to whether he will or not."

"The police haven't found the man who attacked him and robbed the safe?"

"No. I am sure I found a clue that might have put the detective on his track if I hadn't unfortunately lost it."

"What was the clue?"

"Don't you remember I told you I found a gold enameled watch-charm with a monogram on it beside Mr. Halle as he lay on the rug in front of the looted safe?"

"Yes, I recollect you told me about it the night we were burned out. How came you to lose it?"

"I couldn't tell you. I put it in my vest pocket, and when I looked for it it was gone."

"You must have had a hole in the pocket. It may have slipped through into the lining. Did you look to see if it did?"

"No. I didn't think about that. I judged that it had dropped out of my pocket some way. Maybe it is in the lining still," said Phil, in some excitement. "It would be great if it was."

"You have the vest still, haven't you?"

"Yes. It's in my room. I'll run up and get it and we'll examine it."

Phil, full of eager hope, ran upstairs and got his old vest from the closet.

Feeling around the bottom edge of the vest he discovered something hard inside the lining toward the back.

"I really believe that's it," he breathed, more excited than ever.

He rushed downstairs and handed the vest to his mother.

"There is something in between the lining here," he said. "Rip it open, mother."

"Get me my scissors, Mazy," said Mrs. Sculler.

The scissors were brought to her and presently she held up the missing watch-charm.

"I believe I can guess what the initials forming the monogram are," he said. "I am almost sure I know the person who lost this charm."

"What are the initials?" asked Mazy, looking closely at the charm.

"D. L.," replied Phil.

"That's right," replied the girl, holding the charm out to him.

"And the owner's name is Dunstan Leach."

"How do you know?"

"I'll tell you. Dunstan Leach is Mr. Halle's nephew."

"His nephew!" exclaimed Phil's mother in surprise.

"Yes. The day after the trouble he called at the office and pumped me about a possible list of the stuff stolen from the safe. He seemed very anxious to learn if such a list was in existence, and if any securities mentioned on it could be traced, and how. He was so noticeably nervous that I couldn't help remarking it. It was then I saw that some ornament had been forcibly detached from his watch-chain. I could not believe that it was the charm I had found, for that would have forced a very unpleasant suspicion on my mind. The suspicion, however, came later when I learned that he was not on good terms with either his uncle or his aunt. I can hardly believe, though, that he could be guilty of attacking and robbing his uncle. In fact, he does not look capable of carrying out such a crime. Still, in view of the fact that I found this charm, which I am sure is his, in the office after the crime was committed, together with other suspicious circumstances in connection with himself, there is no saying but he may be the guilty man. And now I remember that one afternoon when he had paid me a second visit the detective came into the office to see me about something, and learning that Leach had just left he remarked that he wanted the young man and started after him. The detective hasn't called since. Evidently he had some suspicions concerning Leach, but they couldn't have amounted to much, for the young man hasn't been arrested."

"What are you going to do with the charm? Give it to the police?"

"I think I'll interview Leach first and see what effect its production has on him."

"If he assaulted and robbed his uncle he ought to be arrested."

"He deserves to be, but his aunt might not wish to have the family disgraced by his arrest and prosecution, which, if he is guilty, would send him to State prison."

Phil put the charm in his pocket and changed the conversation.

CHAPTER XII.—Phil's Luck in the Market Continues.

When Phil called on Mrs. Bonne on the following evening he asked her where Dunstan Leach

lived. She seemed a bit surprised at his inquiry, but told him that her nephew had a room at a certain boarding-house in the theatre district close to Broadway.

"How does he make a living? He's called twice on me, and neither time did he appear as if he was doing anything more strenuous than to kill time. He must have money, for he dresses like a dude."

"I am sure I don't know where he gets his money if he doesn't work for it," she said. "I have not seen him for a long time. His general line of conduct so displeased his uncle and myself that we have little to do with him for the past year or more."

"You will pardon me for suggesting the matter, but I suppose you have no suspicion that he had anything to do with the assault on your brother?"

The lady looked startled.

"Certainly not," she replied. "Many as are his failings he could not be guilty of such a fact as that. Surely you have no reason for connecting him with the crime."

"I regret to say that I have; and I also have reason to believe that the detective put on the case suspects him."

Mrs. Bonne looked distressed.

"What are the grounds for such suspicion?"

"I will state one and that is a watch-charm, bearing his initials, and therefore his property, was found in the office."

"Is it possible!"

"Furthermore, when he called on me the first time his watch-chain showed evidence that it had recently lost an ornament in the shape of a charm."

"You noticed that?"

"I did."

"And you reported the fact to the detective?"

"No, I did not, for I could not believe that he was guilty of attacking his uncle. He does not look capable of committing such a crime."

"What reason has the detective, then, for his suspicions?"

"I couldn't tell you as he hasn't taken me into his confidence on the subject."

"Who found the watch-charm you speak of?"

"I did."

"And you have it still in your possession?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you got it with you?"

"I have."

"Will you show it to me, please?"

Phil produced the charm.

The moment Mrs. Bonne's eyes fell on it she recognized it as an ornament she had seen attached to her nephew's watch-chain.

"Yes, that is Dunstan's," she said. "And you found it in my brother's private room at the time you returned from Brooklyn and discovered what had happened while you were away?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Why did you not call my attention to this before? Several weeks have passed since my brother was struck down and you have had this charm in your possession all that time."

"It is true I had it in my possession, but I thought I had lost it, that is why I said nothing about it, even to the detective, who I am sure,

would consider it an important clue in the case."

Phil explained to her how the charm had got into the lining of his vest and had remained there unsuspected until the preceding evening, when a suggestion of his mother's led to its turning up.

"Now that you have found it, what are you thinking of doing with it?"

"To be perfectly frank with you, Mrs. Bonne, I feel sure that your nephew has inside knowledge of your brother's misfortune. Therefore, it is my intention to call upon him and with the aid of this charm force some kind of an admission from him. If I fail to do that I shall hand the charm to the detective and tell him how it came into my possession."

Mrs. Bonne made no reply for a whole minute, then she said:

"Take it and see what effect it will have on Dunstan, for I regret to say you have awakened a suspicion in my mind that he is in some way connected with the attack on my brother. Should it fail to produce the result you are looking for advise me before you make a move to hand it to the detective."

"I will do that, Mrs. Boone," replied Phil, and the interview closed soon after.

On the following evening Phil visited Leach's boarding-house and asked for him. He was told that the young man had gone to Philadelphia on business.

"When did he go?"

"A week ago," replied the servant.

"How long does he expect to be away?"

"I couldn't say."

Phil, as he walked away, couldn't help thinking that Leach had left New York to get rid of some securities that had been taken from Mr. Halle's safe after the attack on his uncle.

He was more than ever convinced that Leach was directly, or indirectly, connected with that crime.

"I wouldn't be surprised but he and that crook I had arrested for the stealing of the bank package put the job through together," he said to himself. "They are close companions apparently, and the police have established the fact that the fellow who gave his name as John Doe is a professional lawbreaker named Jim Sweet, whose picture is in the Rogues' Gallery, and who has served time at Sing Sing. Yes, I'll wager that is the truth, and that it will come out before long."

Next day Phil called at the Oak Street station and asked for the detective.

"He's out of town," was the answer he got.

"Is he still on the Halle case?"

The officer declined to say whether the sleuth was doing anything toward unraveling that mystery or not.

"Do you expect him back soon?"

"I don't know anything about Maguire's movements. If you are anxious to know, or have any information for him, see the captain. He'll be here at four o'clock."

With that Phil had to be content and he returned to the office.

A day or two later Phil noticed that C. & H. was going up in the market. After making some inquiries he went up to the little bank and bought

1,500 shares of it on margin at 78 planking down his \$15,000.

"You are a regular plunger, young man," remarked the surprised margin clerk.

"Think so. Nothing like going the whole hog when you're lucky," replied the boy, cheerfully.

"But suppose your luck goes back on you?"

"I'm not supposing such a thing."

"You must be one of those chaps who think they know it all. They generally see their finish."

"Do they? I suppose you wouldn't play the market the way I'm doing."

"Not on your life."

"You'll never get rich."

"Nor will you, if you keep on this way."

"Oh, I don't know," laughed Phil.

"I'll give you credit for one thing anyway."

"What's that?"

"You have good nerve."

"A chap needs nerve when he engages in a game of chance."

"Especially a Wall Street game of chance."

"That's right. Well, good-bye. I'll see you later when I come to order my stock sold."

"Good-bye. I wish you luck, but I have my doubts."

Phil laughed and left the bank. Next day C. & H. was up two points. For the next three days it fluctuated between 79 and 81. Then on Saturday morning it rose to 82 1/2.

"I guess I'll sell out," he mused, as he stood watching the ticker in the office. I'll make \$6,000, and that's pretty good for a week's deal."

He put on his hat and went around to the little bank.

"Will you kindly sell out my C. & H. at the market?" he said to the margin clerk.

"Sure. Are you ahead of the game?"

"According to present quotations I am," answered Phil.

"You are fortunate," said the clerk, making out the order and pushing it toward the boy.

"Isn't that what I told you?" replied Phil, signing the order.

"I believe you did; but don't imagine that you're going to win right along. Your luck is bound to turn and then look out for snowballs."

"It's spring now. We won't have any more snow till next winter," laughed Phil, walking away.

On Monday he collected from the bank, and the profit of his latest deal raised his capital to \$21,000.

CHAPTER XIII.—Phil Picks Up a Tip, and Plunges Again.

On Monday evening Phil called again at Dunstan Leach's boarding-house.

"Has Mr. Leach returned to the city yet?" he asked the servant.

"No. The missus got a letter from him. He's in Chicago."

"He didn't say when he was coming back, I suppose?"

"Not that I know of. I'll ask the missus if you wish."

"I wish you would."

The girl went away and returned with word

that Leach had written that he expected to return to New York shortly. In next morning's paper Phil was surprised to read a story from Chicago which stated that Dunstan Leach had been arrested in that city in connection with the Halle case. Detective Maguire, who it appeared had followed him out West, had nabbed him in a brokerage house while negotiating the sale of two \$1,000 gold five per cent. first mortgage Jersey Central Railroad bonds. The detective claimed that the bonds were part of the loot taken from Mr. Halle's safe. Phil wondered how Maguire knew that, as the money-lender's books didn't show what collateral, if any, was in the safe at the time of the crime. As soon as Phil reached the office he rang up Mrs. Bonne on the 'phone and told her what he had read in the paper about Leach's arrest.

"My gracious!" she exclaimed, evidently a bit upset by the news. "What paper was it in?"

Phil mentioned the paper he had read the story in.

"I can't imagine how the detective could know that the bonds in question were taken from my brother's safe. I haven't been able to find the least clue to what was in the safe. All the securities held by Mr. Halle either as an investment, or for his customers, appear to be in the safe deposit box. The manager and I went over the contents of the box, and compared the securities with the list you made up from the books. There was nothing missing."

"Mr. Halle may have bought those two bonds on the day he was attacked and had them temporarily in the safe," replied Phil.

"That's true. I didn't want to have Dunstan arrested even if he was shown to be guilty. The fact that he was trying to sell those particular bonds in Chicago is not positive evidence that he got them from my brother's safe."

"No. In order to get a magistrate to hold him the detective will have to show beyond a reasonable doubt that the bonds belonged to Mr. Halle. I don't see how he is going to do it."

"Nor I. If he should be held I suppose the detective will bring him to New York."

"If your nephew refuses to come of his own accord extradition papers will have to be taken out, and the governor will require evidence that shows Leach's guilt before he'll sign the documents."

"It's most unfortunate," replied Mrs. Bonne. "We'll talk the matter over if you call this evening."

"All right. Good-bye," said Phil, hanging up the receiver.

As he sat back to read the latest Wall Street news the door opened and in walked Monsieur Bouteille. His unexpected appearance was a disagreeable surprise to the boy.

"So, I have found you out at last," began the Frenchman, advancing to the desk and glaring down at Phil.

"I see you have. What do you want?"

"Vat do I want? By gar! You have ze cheek of ze old Neek to ask dat of me. Vat you s'pose I vant?"

"I'm not a mind reader, so I can't guess," replied Phil, coolly, though he knew well enough the nature of the Frenchman's errand.

"Vat you have done viz mon fille Mazy? You will answer me, sare!" cried Monsieur Boutelle, fiercely.

"I haven't done anything with her."

"Vat! You dare tell me dat you have not run away wiz her?"

"Run away with her! Certainly not."

"By gar! You have taken her to live wiz you and your mozzaire."

"I admit that."

"You will give me ze numbaire of your house so dat I go and take her away wiz me."

"She doesn't want to return to you."

"Vat I care for dat? Eet ees my vish dat she came back to me to keep ze house. I am her pere—her farzer. I have ze authority evaire her."

"You only think you have."

"I only s'ink! Parbleu! You take me for an enfant? Ze law eet ees on my side. I am vat you call her guardian. Comprenez?"

"I compong all right, monsoo; but as you've handled her without gloves when you had her in your power the law is not likely to give you the chance to repeat your cowardly conduct toward her."

"Vat you know about ze law?"

"Not a whole lot; but I know what justice is."

"Bah! You are ze boy wiz ze beeg bluff. I will take mon fille whezzer you like eet or not."

"All right. Go on and try."

"You will not give her up?"

"No."

"Sacre bleu! I feex you."

"Look out that you don't fix yourself. You've been at the Island for thirty days that's why you haven't turned up before. If you bother Mazy I'll have you arrested, and I'll bring a dozen witnesses from Cherry Hill to show you up in court. If you think any judge will turn the girl over to you after the revelation of your true character you've got another think coming, and a mighty big one."

The Frenchman was furious at his words. He tore off his hat, threw it on the floor and then danced on it in the excess of his rage. Then he shook his fist at Phil, and swore volubly in French.

Finally, after threatening the boy, he jammed his hat on his head and rushed out of the office.

Just then a broker came in to see if he could get a loan from the office.

"Who was that crazy-looking Frenchman who passed me at the door?" inquired the trader.

"That was Monsieur Boutelle. He is a bad egg."

"He looked as if he was mad about something. Does he owe Mr. Halle money, and you have called in the loan when he is not able to pay?"

"No, he doesn't owe us anything. He was in here trying to find out where his stepdaughter is. He treated her so bad that I took her away from him, and she is now living at my house."

"Oh, that's it," laughed the broker. "Well, to get down to business—are you making any loans?"

"No, sir. Nothing doing in that line at present."

"Then I'll have to try somebody else, I suppose. How is Mr. Halle?"

"Improving. He's at a sanitarium."

The visitor pulled out his handkerchief and a

folded sheet of note paper fell on the floor unnoticed by him or Phil.

"I saw by the morning paper that a man has been arrested in Chicago for trying to sell bonds alleged to be part of the plunder taken from Mr. Halle's safe at the time he was laid out. Seems likely the police have got hold of the criminal after all."

"Maybe they have, and maybe they haven't."

"You ought to know whether the bonds mentioned were in Mr. Halle's safe at the time of the crime. If they were, that ought to be evidence enough to connect him with the case. The detective wouldn't have arrested the man without he had information that those particular bonds figure in the matter."

"The newspaper story is all the information I have on the subject, so it would be useless for me to discuss the matter."

With the departure of his last visitor, Phil's thoughts recurred to the Frenchman, and he wondered what the rascal would do. That he seemed determined to get Mazy back was clear. Phil was equally determined that he shouldn't.

"He'll find no great difficulty in learning where we live if he keeps his eye on me and shadows me to the house," thought Phil. "That I can't help. I'll warn mother and Mazy to keep on the lookout for him, and appeal to the police if he tries any funny business. It's my opinion that sooner or later he'll do something that'll land him behind the bars."

As Phil swung carelessly around in his chair he saw the folded piece of paper on the floor which his late visitor had dropped. He picked it up and opened it. At the top of the sheet was a neatly printed heading which read: "Secretary's Office. B. & C. Trolley Co."

The following was written under it:

"Dear Frank: A week hence the control of the B. & C. will pass to the United Traction under such a favorable arrangement that our stock—now going begging at 60—is certain to jump up twenty points at least. I need scarcely tell you to get busy and go the limit on B. & C. You haven't a moment to lose, for those wise to the situation are loading up, and in a few days the stock now on the market will be scarcer than hen's teeth. Later on, after it has gone up, it will be fed to the public, and those on the inside will make a raft of money. See to it that you get your share. As you may find it hard to get it in the open market I'll give you a pointer. Merrall & Poole have 2,000 shares. That amount ought to fix you up. Call on them at once before somebody else gets in ahead of you."

"HERBERT."

"I wonder if my recent visitor dropped that out of his pocket," thought Phil, greatly interested in what seemed to be a first-class tip. "He must have. That would account for him trying to raise money."

The boy looked at the date of the note and saw it was written the day before.

"This looks like a good thing, and one that has to be tackled with a rush. I have just \$21,000. I wonder if Merrall & Poole have those 2,000 shares yet. That's a brokerage house on Exchange Place, and I could buy the shares on margin by

putting up \$20,000. That's a whole lot of money to risk on an uncertainty, and yet if there is anything in the information conveyed by this letter, there is a chance to double my investment in profit alone. It's pretty tempting, and I guess I'll tackle it."

When Phil made up his mind to do anything he didn't go to sleep over it. He had got accustomed to plunging, or risking all his capital on a single deal, so it didn't seem to matter much to him that he was about to put up all the money he had practically on this new venture. He put on his hat, went to his safe, took out \$20,000 in big bills, and left the office. Reaching Merrall & Poole's office he asked for the senior partner and was shown into his office.

"Have you got any B. & C. Trolley shares for sale, Mr. Merrall?" he inquired.

"Yes. I've got 2,000. Who are you from?"

"Nobody. I'd like to buy the stock at 60 on a ten per cent. margin."

"We are asking 60 1/8."

"Well, let it go at that. Here is my deposit—\$20,000. Hold the stock subject to my orders."

The broker counted the money, and finding it all right he carried it out to the counting-room and presently returned with a memorandum of the deal which he handed the boy. He didn't believe that Phil was buying the shares for himself, though the deal was entered in his name. However, that didn't concern Mr. Merrall any. He had the marginal deposit and would collect the commission and interest on the operation, so he didn't care who was the real principal in the transaction. Phil pocketed the paper and left. As he walked out at the main entrance he saw the broker who had visited him coming in.

"I'll bet he's after those shares. Well, he's just a few minutes too late. He'll have to look for his stock somewhere else," thought Phil.

He returned to his office, spent the next hour or two reading the Wall Street papers, and then went home, confident he was going to make the haul of his career in the market.

CHAPTER XIV.—Phil Buys Control of the Hercules Mine.

When Phil got home he told his mother and Mazy about the visit he had had from Monsieur Boutelle. Mazy looked frightened.

"Don't worry, sis, he's not going to get you back," he said to her, reassuringly. "If he calls here send him away with a flea in his ear, mother. Let him see that you're not afraid of him. I'm going around to the police station after supper to make arrangements with a detective to keep watch for a few days, and to warn the Frenchman to keep away from the neighborhood under pain of arrest."

This purpose he duly carried out, and for a consideration one of the detectives agreed to cook Monsieur Boutelle's goose if he showed up. On the third day afterward Boutelle located the house and called to demand that Mazy go home with him. Mrs. Sculler interviewed him and told him flatly that the girl was contented where she was and had no desire to return to the old life which had been so hard and unhappy for her. The Frenchman threatened to go to court over the

matter, and Phil's mother told him to do so. When he found that bluff wouldn't work he grew abusive, and threatened all kind of things. Mrs. Sculler went to the door and called in the detective who was watching on the other side of the street. The officer soon made it plain to Boutelle that the sooner he took himself off the better it would be for him, and warned him not to be seen in that neighborhood again.

"I'll be on the lookout for you, and if I find you hanging around I'll pull you in, and you'll be prosecuted," he said. "Now get a move on and stay where you belong."

Monsieur Boutelle concluded it would be wise to obey the detective's mandate, and he walked off in a hurry, for he had no relish for getting back to the Island again. Phil, when he got home, was pleased to learn that the Frenchman had been summarily disposed of, and hoped they would have no further trouble from him. In the meantime he kept his attention on B. & C. Trolley Co. stock. During the week succeeding his purchase of the shares nothing happened, and the price continued to hover around 60. Then one day the news was announced that United Traction had secured control of the road and had added it to its system. Inside of an hour after the news got around the value of the stock went up to 70. When all the particulars of the arrangement between the roads became known the rush to buy the stock became greater, and it soon went to 80. It closed at that price and next morning opened at 81. At that figure the insiders began letting the shares out which they had bought for 60. The stock went to 82 and a fraction and then remained at about that. When Phil found that the brief boom had come to a stop he concluded it was time to let go, and he did. He called on Mr. Merrall and told him to sell the 2,000 shares. The broker had no trouble getting people to take it at the advanced price, and so Phil cleaned up a matter of \$44,000, which made him worth something over \$60,000.

"How much do you suppose I made to-day, mother?" he said on getting home.

"How much?" she asked.

He told her and she threw up her hands in amazement.

"You don't mean that, surely."

"I certainly do mean it," he replied.

Then he explained all about his latest deal.

"Why, you're a rich boy now," she said.

"Yes, I'm pretty well off, but I hope to be worth a great deal more before long."

He said that he was going to celebrate the occasion by taking her and Mazy to the theatre that night. His mother, however, said that she couldn't go, as she had promised to sit up with a sick friend in the neighborhood, and so, soon after supper, he and Mazy started off alone. When the show was out they went to supper on Sixth Avenue, and then rode back on the elevated to the Eighth Street station. It was quite a walk from the station down Christopher Street to the house, but the young people did not mind that in the least. At length they came within a few doors of the house when suddenly several men, who had been hiding in a nearby areaway, on the lookout for them, swooped down upon them.

They were both seized, and while Phil was putting up a game fight against odds, Mazy was forced over to a nighthawk cab, thrust inside, and

found herself in the grasp of the Frenchman. The cab driver then whipped up his rig and dashed away. At the same moment the boy was knocked out by a blow from a slung-shot and was left bleeding on the sidewalk before his own door. Here he was later on found by a policeman, who summoned aid and carried him to the station, where he was brought to his senses. He told his story, and said that Monsieur Boutelle was evidently at the bottom of the outrage, his object being to regain possession of the girl. Phil was wild over Mazy's abduction, and he offered a liberal reward to the detectives if they would recover the girl and bring her home. Two of them went out on the job and then Phil went home, feeling pretty bad. His mother was greatly concerned on learning of the trouble that had overtaken Mazy, and neither of them slept much that night. Next morning Phil called at Police Headquarters and had two more detectives detailed to hunt up the Frenchman and the missing girl.

"I'll pickle the rascal," he said, resolutely. "He has perpetrated a serious crime in kidnaping Mazy, and I'll see that he gets all that's coming to him."

Several days passed, however, and the four detectives on the job failed to discover the whereabouts of Monsieur Boutelle and the girl. While Phil was sitting in his office feeling quite blue, Detective Maguire walked in and informed him that he had just got back from Chicago.

"I managed to get my man held pending extradition proceedings," said the detective. "But I am not sure that he can be convicted on the evidence of the bonds. He swore that he came by the bonds honestly."

"How do you know that those two bonds were ever in Mr. Halle's safe?" asked Phil curiously.

"By a memorandum in the old man's writing which I found in the safe. It had been pinned to one of the bonds, and became detached in some way."

"How came you to suspect Dunstan Leach anyway?"

"Through a letter of his addressed to Mr. Halle, and which I found in the desk. He wanted his uncle to come up with \$500 to help him out of a scrape—a gambling debt—and threatened to do things if he didn't get the money."

"Have you seen Mrs. Bonne, Mr. Halle's sister, since you got back?"

"No."

"You'd better call on her and see if she's willing to push matters against her nephew. I don't think she'll care to do it."

"Wants to shield him for the sake of the family, I suppose," said Maguire. "I don't believe in that kind of business. When a chap commits a crime he ought to be put through for it. I've shadowed Leach around town and I know just what kind of young fellow he is. He deserves to get what's coming to him."

Phil made no mention of the watch-charm, as the arrangement about it between him and Mrs. Bonne was that he should show it to Leach and see what effect it had on him before he made any other use of it. The arrest of Leach, however, in Chicago, while trying to dispose of two bonds alleged to have come from Mr. Halle's safe, was likely to make some difference in that arrangement. After some further talk the detective took his leave, and then Phil called up Mrs. Bonne on

the telephone and told her about the visit of the detective, and what had passed at the interview.

"I told him to call on you, so it is quite possible he may do so," said Phil.

Then he hung up the receiver and picked up a Wall Street paper that had just been delivered. The door opened and a man of about forty odd years entered. His countenance was tanned and weather-beaten, and he looked like a man who made his living out of doors.

"Is Mr. Halle in?" he inquired.

"No, sir," replied Phil. "He is out of town on an indefinite stay."

"Are you representing him?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir; the office is in my charge."

"Here's a letter I received from Mr. Halle about six months ago. Will you please read it."

Phil took the letter and read it. It was addressed to John Duncan, and stated that Mr. Halle would purchase his Hercules mining stock at the market price any time he brought it to his office. It happened that Phil had seen a notice in a Western paper that morning referring to the Hercules mine of Paradise, Nevada. It said that things were looking up at the mine, a better grade of ore having been reached, and that the price of the stock, which was ruling at ten cents, was likely to advance at an early date. The article also said that a noted capitalist, named Jake Wyse, was reported to be buying up the outstanding shares with a view to securing control of the property.

"Well, what can I do for you, Mr. Duncan?" said Phil, handing the letter back to his visitor.

"I have brought the Hercules stock expecting to sell it to Mr. Halle, in accordance with his offer to take it at the market price, which I believe is ten cents."

"I am sorry, but I have no authority to purchase any stock or anything else in Mr. Halle's name," replied Phil.

The man looked disappointed.

"How many shares have you got?"

"I hold a controlling interest in the mine."

"You do?" exclaimed Phil, in some surprise.

"Yes. The stock was originally owned by an old friend of mine. He was the president of the company, and had 251,000 of the 500,000 shares issued for development purposes. He got into debt and I loaned him all the money I had—\$20,000. He assigned his stock to me as security. He was never able to return the money, but I did not press him to settle. A few weeks ago he met with an accident which resulted in his death. I have no longer any interest in holding the stock and I'd like to get my money back, with interest if possible."

Phil pulled the telephone to him and connected with a big Curb brokerage house.

"Are you buying any Hercules mining stock?" he asked.

"Yes. We'll take any you have at 9 3-4."

"But the market price is 10, isn't it?"

"That's what it opened at this morning on one small transaction, but, of course, we want to make a profit. If you want us to sell it for you we can probably get you 10, but out of that you will have to pay commission, so that it is as long one way as it is another."

Phil told Mr. Duncan what the broker had said.

"I doubt though if you could find a purchaser for such a big block as the controlling interest in

the mine, as capitalists are not looking for mines these days which are not promising dividends."

After considering Phil's offer a few minutes, Mr. Duncan accepted it. The boy went to his safe and counting out \$22,590, handed it to Duncan, taking his receipt, and an assignment of the five certificates which represented the controlling interest in the Hercules mine. Then Phil locked the certificates up in his safe, and soon after he went home.

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

After supper Phil went around to Police Headquarters to see if anything had been heard from the detectives who were out looking for the Frenchman and Mazy. No word had been received from the detectives on the case, and Phil left much disappointed, and not a little worried. Mazy had been away a week when Phil received a telephone message from Mrs. Bonne to call at the house at three o'clock that afternoon.

He went up and to his surprise found Dunstan Leach there with his aunt. Through the efforts of Mrs. Bonne he had been released from jail in Chicago, and had been brought on to New York by Detective Maguire, acting in the lady's interests.

"My nephew asserts that these bonds never came from my mother's safe, though the memorandum in my brother's writing, which the detective found in the safe, would indicate to the contrary. He denies positively that he was present in the office when the crime was committed, or that he knows anything about it," said Mrs. Bonne.

"So you say you had no hand in that outrage, Mr. Leach?" said Phil.

"Certainly I didn't."

"How is it then that you lost your watch-charm there?"

Leach started and turned color.

"Who says I lost my watch-charm in the office?" he blustered.

"I say so."

"Where is your evidence?"

"Here," replied Phil, producing the charm.

Leach saw he was cornered, and he finally threw up his hands, and admitted everything. He said that he needed \$500 to pay a gambling debt, and that when his uncle failed to notice his written request for the money he and his boon companion, Jim Swett, had visited Mr. Halle's office for the purpose of intimidating him into giving up the money. They found Mr. Halle before his safe, and before Leach could prefer his request Swett knocked the money-lender out with a slung-shot, and then rifled the safe.

All he got were the two bonds and \$100 in money. They afterward arranged to sell the bonds, Leach undertaking to attend to the matter, and divide the money. Mrs. Bonne decided to let her nephew off if he would agree to testify against Swett in case the crime was brought against him.

That would not be at once as Swett was about to be tried for stealing the bank messenger's package, and was pretty sure to get ten or fifteen years for the crime.

In fact he got fifteen years after being convicted a week later mainly on the testimony given by Phil. Thus Dunstan Leach got out of his trou-

ble by the skin of his teeth. The day after Jim Swett's conviction Mazy Brooks was found by two of the detectives away out in Long Island, and brought back to Phil's home, where she was received most joyfully. Monsieur Boutelle was landed in jail, and subsequently got ten years for kidnaping the girl. About this time the last of Mr. Halle's loans was called in and the office was given up by Mrs. Bonne. Phil took the lease off her hands and put his own name on the door. The first visitor he had was a representative from Jake Wyse with an offer for the stock he held in the Hercules mine. Phil refused to take 15 cents a share for it, as he believed he had a good thing in the mine. Finally Wyse came to New York and called on him personally. After a long talk, and when the Western capitalist found that he couldn't buy the boy out, an arrangement was entered into by which Phil was to be made president of the company, and he and Wyse were to exploit the mine for their mutual benefit. This plan was carried out, and the office of the company was removed to New York, while Wyse remained in Paradise as the manager of the property. He and Phil advanced the money between them to pay for new machinery, and in the course of a few months the mine was brought up to a paying basis, and dividends were declared every three months, most of the money coming to Wyse and Phil, who held the bulk of the stock. In the course of two years Phil decided to get out and Wyse bought his stock for \$1 a share. This gave the young plunger nearly \$300,000 in ready cash, with which he continued business in Wall Street as a speculator, and when he reached his twenty-second year he was worth half a million dollars.

Long before that Mr. Sculler, his stepfather, was discharged from the Island.

He came to live at the house where his wife was, and he made no effort to run things as he had formerly done. His imprisonment had made a better man of him, and abstinence from liquor reduced his craving for stimulants, so that he went to work and didn't get drunk any more. Phil set him up in the trucking business, and he got along very well in it. On his twenty-first birthday Phil and Mazy were married, and went to live in a handsome house on Long Island, and there they are to-day with their children growing up around them.

Phil is now worth several millions, which he made by taking chances in the market, and the risks he ran at times caused him to be nicknamed by the brokers Phil the Plunger.

Next week's issue will contain: "SAMSON, THE BOY BLACKSMITH; OR, FROM ANVIL TO FORTUNE."

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Ninety Degrees South

or, Lost in the Land of Ice

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER II.

The Ice Barrier.

The poor professor was not in a condition to be told anything, however, nor to understand the situation, for he was frightfully seasick, and remained in that condition all that day and part of the next.

Captain Essex heard Sadie's story, smiled, told her not to worry, bade her make herself as comfortable as she could, and then paid her no more attention, but gave all his time to his ship.

By the next day the vessel was under sunny skies, although she still bowled along at a good speed, and the professor came on deck, looking very miserable, but feeling better than on the day previous.

When he discovered his mistake and learned the destination of the Pioneer, he said to the captain:

"I think that, on the whole, I shall be quite satisfied. I take a great interest in Antarctic research, but I am afraid that you will find the ice barrier an insurmountable obstacle."

"Not at all, my dear sir," replied the captain. "There is no reason to believe that the barrier is there always and I go at a time when it is summer in those waters."

"Yes, but the Erebus and Terror cruised for hundreds of miles—"

"They were wooden vessels, and under sail. We use steam, and have a steel vessel. Our bow is sharp enough to cut through the ice."

"The Jeannette was an iron vessel, and she was found to be inferior to wood."

"The Jeannette was unfortunate," returned Captain Essex, "and the conditions in the Arctic are entirely different."

Then began a heated discussion which was only ended by Professor Waddles being suddenly taken with a fit of seasickness and having to leave in a hurry.

The professor was installed in the absent doctor's place, Sadie was made comfortable, and accepted the situation all the more graciously because Phil was on board, and so the voyage proceeded, with every promise of being successful.

They saw nothing of the South American coast till they reached the Straits of Magellan, although Captain Essex offered to put the professor ashore at Rio Janeiro or at Montevideo if he wished to leave.

The professor expressed himself as perfectly satisfied, however, until they began to approach Cape Horn, and the qualms of sea-sickness returned, when he declared that he could never stand the voyage around the Cape, and must return.

"I shall put in at Puntas Arenas, on the Pacific

side of the Straits of Magellan, to coal," said Captain Essex, "and I will leave you there, if you like. You will find steamers going one way or another, and won't have to stay long."

"Then I will say good-by," said the professor, who really believed that he was going to leave the Pioneer at last.

When they were coaling, however, Professor Waddles and the captain started a game of chess, with the result that they were soon oblivious of all else.

Finally, after a long struggle, the professor succeeded in checkmating the captain, and arising, said:

"Well, I must go now, captain, but I am sorry that we shall have no more games together. I should quite enjoy them, I know."

Captain Essex arose, glanced out the port, and said with a laugh, as he looked at his watch:

"I see no reason why we should not have many more games, professor."

"What do you mean?"

"That we have left Sandy Point fully two hours behind us, and are now headed for—"

The poor professor did not wait to hear where, for he was taken with a sudden spasm, and left the cabin most incontinently.

January came and found them in summer waters, while at the northern hemisphere all was cold and snow and ice.

February came, and they were far to the south, seeing ice, it is true, but being unhindered by it.

Professor Waddles insisted that they would be stopped by the great ice barrier of the Antarctic circle, but Captain Essex declared that he would find a passage through it, and so the matter stood until one morning when Phil came on deck he saw in the distance a long, glittering line a little above the horizon, and extending as far as he could see to the right and to the left.

"What's that, sir?" he asked of Mr. Wills, who was on deck.

"That?" returned the other. "That's ice. Can't you tell it when you see it, or haven't you got any eyes, anyhow? You'll see enough of it before you get out of this. You won't see anything else, I guess."

As they advanced the glittering line arose more and more above the horizon, until by noon it seemed higher than the ship itself, extending on either side as far as one could see.

The professor came on deck, went on the bridge, leveled a pair of powerful field-glasses at the distant barrier, and at length said to Captain Essex, who stood beside him:

"There's your barrier, captain. You'll never get to ninety degrees south till you pass that."

"Looks formidable, doesn't it, professor?" said the captain. "Still, I think we'll get through all right. It looks solid, but we're a long way from it yet."

Phil, Dick and Sadie were on deck, clad in fur-lined coats and wearing fur caps and gloves, for the air had grown bitterly cold since they had come in sight of the ice barrier, and only the warmest clothing sufficed.

As she stood with the two boys Sadie looked as much like a boy as could be, being dressed very nearly the same as Phil, and Wills muttered to himself.

"Confound that minx, she bothers me to distin-

guish her from the boys. I wish she had more sense. She may get in trouble some day on that account."

The days were getting considerably shorter now, so that by three o'clock there was very little daylight left, although the long twilight gave them an additional hour or two after the sun went down.

Before them stretched a great wall of glittering ice, twice the height of the masts, and with apparently no break in its crystal battlements, the sun causing it to shine as if encrusted with jewels.

Wills was on the bridge directing the helmsman, while Mr. Fenton, the ice pilot, stood beside him, making suggestions from time to time.

"Go a bit to starboard, sir," said Fenton. "I'm sure there's an opening there. It doesn't look so solid, and I'm certain we can find a way through."

In five minutes they were gliding through a winding but sufficiently wide passage, the walls of ice towering above them on both sides.

Phil, Dick and Sadie were standing at the bow looking at the wonderful sight, when the vessel seemed to strike something below the surface, and in another instant a great mass of ice was seen to slit from the wall above and to fall straight for the spot where Phil stood, all unconscious of his danger.

CHAPTER III.

Exploring an Ice Cave.

At the instant that the mass of ice split off from the berg, Sadie, hearing the sound, looked up.

She saw the danger, uttered a scream, and threw herself against Phil, hoping to save him. The shock carried both away from the spot. The falling ice struck the deck with a bang, and more of it looked as if it were about to come down.

Fenton saw the danger to the ship, and shouted to the man at the wheel:

"Go off a point—go off!"

At the same instant he seized the bellrope connecting with the engine-room and signaled to increase the speed.

The Pioneer rushed ahead, swerving at the same time to the right, almost within reach of the ice bluffs on that side.

The second mass fell just as the ship got out of its way, and clearing the rail it struck the water with a tremendous splash, and sent the spray flying in showers, drenching all those on the forward deck.

"You're going too close to the ice," growled Wills. "Do you want to strike?"

"Luff a little," said Mr. Fenton, signaling to reduce the speed somewhat.

"Who's in command here?" asked the chief officer, gruffly.

"I am, when it's a question of ice," said Fenton, quietly. "You went too close on the other side. The look of the water might have told you that it was shallow there, and that you were bound to strike something."

"I knew it," thought Wills, "and that's why I did it. Well, better luck next time."

He said nothing, however, but walked away as one of the men struck eight bells, or four in the afternoon.

Meanwhile Phil, realizing the danger he had escaped, turned to Sadie and said, gratefully:

"Thanks. I owe my life to your prompt action."

"Maybe," said the girl. "At any rate, I did what I could."

Captain Essex presently went on the bridge and said to Mr. Fenton:

"Do you think we can get through?"

"I am not certain. The current is with us, but the lane winds. I do not think that there is any danger of the ice closing in behind us, however, and I think we had better go ahead."

They did so, at moderate speed, and presently the lane stretched straight ahead for at least a mile, with no openings to the right or left.

They steamed along at a good speed, and then, turning slightly, found another stretch, not so long as the first, but sufficiently wide for their purpose.

There was absolutely no wind at times in the lane, and they depended entirely on steam and the current to bear them on.

It was a wonderful sight to see the towering walls of glittering ice on either side, rising to more than twice the height of the masts, with a dark-green water below running like a perfect mill-race.

Probably no man had ever penetrated to these mysterious regions or threaded these wonderful channels, and a feeling of awe made them all keep silent.

Captain Essex stood with his eyes fixed on the water ahead of him, now looking inquiringly at his companion, and then making a motion to which the other assented by a look.

Overhead was a wonderfully blue sky, out of which stars began to shine, while on all sides the ice began to assume a cold, steely blue tint, and the waters to become almost black.

It was bitterly cold, but the air was so still that the difference seemed hardly felt, except when one stood too long in one position.

"Do you think it safe to go on?" whispered Captain Harry Essex. "Do you think we shall get through?"

"It is safe enough, sir," answered the ice pilot, "but as to getting through, I don't know. We may come to the end of the lane at the next turn."

In five minutes they made a sharp turn, and saw a straight lane of water stretching before them for at least two miles.

"Northeast," muttered Captain Essex. "We must wait for the next turn."

The next turn brought them due north, and at the end of half a mile they made a sudden turn to the east, and in a few moments came out into open water, with the ice barrier still to the south.

"I'm rather inclined to think there's no getting through it, aren't you, captain?" asked Professor Waddles, as the captain came down from the bridge. "These are just blind alleys, and you won't find a way through. Enderby and the rest didn't, and I am inclined to think no one will."

(To be continued.)

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 11, 1927

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

ATLANTA MOTOR PLANT

Chevrolet Motor Company has completed contracts for the construction of a new assembly plant at Atlanta, Ga., which will cost \$2,250,000. It is scheduled for completion April 1, 1928, when it will have a capacity of 350 cars daily, serving Georgia, Florida and parts of Alabama and South Carolina. There will be about 1,200 workers employed.

FLOWERS OF YARN

The school term has not long been under way and yet the teachers are confronted with a problem—which is a new fad. Girls have taken to making flowers of yarn. The “allowance” that used to be spent for candy now buys a skein of worsted. Then out comes the pencil and the strand is wound round and round. When enough for a flower has been used, the loops are caught and knotted. Result is a bright and effective boutonnière.

UMBRELLA HANDLES ARE TRAINED

Three years of careful attention are often required to cultivate an umbrella handle in the way it should go. At the end of the first year the tree is trimmed back quite short—a young tree, of course—and the bark of the new sprouts checked. Then the wood is carved and twisted into various fantastic shapes. As the young tree grows the designs swell and the desired forms achieve the requisite size.

One of the chief tasks in this singular operation is to keep the sap flowing in the “umbrella-handle tree,” and to keep it alive in its crippled condition calls for considerable skill. A plantation of this kind would wring the heart of a tree lover.

After cutting, each stick is dried in the sun. Then follows a vapor bath, which makes the wood soft and pliable for final shaping.

INTERSTATE CRIME BOARD URGED TO END TRAFFIC IN STOLEN GOODS.

Establishment of a New York-New Jersey Crime Commission to devise methods to prevent and punish interstate traffic in stolen goods was urged recently by William J. Rapp, Democratic candidate for the Assembly in the Fifteenth Manhattan District. Mr. Rapp said he favored the “fence” bill to permit an accomplice to testify against a receiver of stolen goods, but said this did not go far enough in view of the organized traffic in stolen goods between New York and New Jersey.

“If elected to the Assembly, it is my intention to introduce a bill looking to the establishment of such a joint crime commission to prevent and punish this interstate traffic with penalties as severe as the New York ‘fence’ bill will provide, no matter where the ‘fence’ is apprehended.

“If New York and New Jersey can get together to build bridges and tunnels, they can surely unite for the purpose of stamping out this insidious interstate traffic in stolen goods.”

LAUGHS

RITZY

“Oscar’s new cigarette lighter has an expensive air about it, hasn’t it?”

“Yes, it reeks of gasoline.”

—Annapolis Log.

HELP WANTED

“How far off from the answer to the first problem were you?”

“About four seats.”

—Bucknell Bell Hop.

UNDER COVER

“Why call it a night club?”

“Keep it dark.”

—Lehigh Burr.

SALT

Salt is the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don’t put any on.

Grinnell Malteaser.

PAGING DAME FASHION

Vanity: What do they call those new round baggy hats the women are wearing now?

Fair: Dunno—must be a new type of bean bag.

—Chaperon.

JUST ONE

“If I kiss you just once nobody will be the wiser.”

“Oh, yes they will.”

“Who?”

“You.”

—Lehigh Burr.

JUST GRINS AND BEARS IT

The difference between sacred and profane love is that in sacred love she cries, “Ouch,” and tells you you’re squeezing her too hard, while in profane love she says nothing.

—Dartmouth Jack o’Lantern.

The Seven Thousand Dollar Check

On Tuesday, Dec. 10, 1872, I paid my first visit to New York City, a visit which I shall not soon forget, for reasons which I will proceed to make known.

I was then a clerk in the employ of Clayton & Brodt, wholesale woolen merchants of Chicago; my visit to this city was on business for their firm. I was commissioned to collect, if possible, a bill of over seven thousand dollars, due from a New York merchant, who had persistently ignored all letters which had been sent him on the subject, and who, it was believed, was about to become a bankrupt. The first had directed me to spare no effort to collect the money, as the loss of it would be a serious blow to them; and I keenly felt the responsibility of my position. I went to the merchant's office prepared for battle; but to my surprise and gratification the gentleman at once handed me a check for the sum, with many apologies for his delay in remitting. Of course, I was highly elated at my success.

The next morning as I sat in my room in the hotel before a cheerful fire, reading the daily paper and awaiting the hour when it would be necessary to leave for the 10:20 train, on which I was to return to Chicago, a knock sounded on the door.

"Come in," I cried.

To my surprise Mr. Lucius Brodt, the junior partner of the firm of Clayton & Brodt, entered.

"Well, Graham," he said, throwing himself into a chair, "how are you."

"In first-rate condition, sir," I replied. "I did not expect to see you."

"Humph! Did you get the money?"

"I did."

"Good enough!" he exclaimed. "I didn't think you would. You have it about you, of course?"

"It is safe in my pocket-book."

"I'll take it."

"I handed him the check without replying. He put it in his vest pocket, and immediately rose to his feet.

"I'm off now," he said. "Da-da, Graham, till we meet again."

His face wore a peculiar smile, the meaning of which I did not until afterward understand. As he put his hand upon the knob of the door there came a quick, sudden knock.

Brodt started back as if he had been shot, and I noticed that his hand swiftly sought an inside pocket, where I knew he carried a revolver. He turned to me, his face as white as a sheet, and asked in a husky voice:

"Graham, who's that?"

"I don't know, sir," I said, mentally attributing his agitation to the near approach of the delirium tremens, a disease of which he had once before had a touch. "I'll go to the door and see."

I opened the door, and there stood a boy, who handed me a telegram and a little book in which to sign my name.

Having dismissed the boy, I was about to tear open the envelope, when, to my astonishment, Brodt snatched it from my hand.

"It's about some of the firm's business, of course," he said, tearing it open.

"It's as I thought. Mr. Clayton wants you to try and collect that little bill from Brimlon Smith; that's all," and he threw the sheet in the open grate, and watched the flames consume it.

My employer left the room.

For a few minutes I sat wondering how Mr. Brodt had happened to visit New York at this time, for both members of the firm had been very busy when I left Chicago—indeed, it had been on account of the inability of either of them to leave the city that I had been commissioned to visit New York. As I sat there meditating upon the subject my eye fell upon the telegram which still remained, a blackened cinder, upon the coals, swaying to and fro in the draught. It still retained its form, though a touch would have reduced it to ashes. I noticed that the message was still faintly visible in letters of white upon the blackened and shriveled sheet, and bending over I read as follows:

"Brodt is a defaulter to the amount of over fifty thousand dollars. He has fled from the city and we believe has gone to New York. We made the discovery not five minutes ago, so cannot send particulars. Are going to notify the police throughout the country at once, and want you to see detectives in New York. Do what you can. William Clayton."

And I had given this man the seven-thousand-dollar check! I started to my feet and seized my hat.

I rushed from the hotel and ran down the street at full speed, heedless of the inconvenience I caused the unlucky pedestrians who chanced to come in my way. Arrived at the M— bank, I approached the paying teller's window, and asked:

"Have you cashed a check this morning for seven thousand dollars, drawn by G. H. Fennimore, in favor of Clayton & Brodt?"

"I paid the money to Mr. Brodt himself, not three minutes ago," was the reply.

"Which way did he go?" I demanded excitedly.

"Look through the window and you will see his carriage about two blocks off," replied the clerk, pointing up the street.

"Without stopping to make any explanations, I hurried from the bank.

As luck would have it a disengaged hack stood at the door.

I pointed out the carriage which contained Brodt to the hackman.

"I want you to follow that carriage," I said. "For your life don't lose sight of it," and I jumped into the vehicle.

"I understand, sir," replied the hackman, with an intelligent wink, as he whipped up his horses.

In about ten minutes the hack drew up at the curbstone on Broadway, not far from Fourteenth street.

The driver descended from his box and opened the door.

"Yonder's the carriage, sir," he said. "The gentleman who was in it has gone into the G— Hotel."

"All right; wait here until I get back," and I rushed into the hotel.

"Is Mr. Brodt, of Chicago, stopping here?" I asked of the clerk.

"No, sir."

"I mean the gentleman who just came in; he must have gone upstairs—a short, stout man with a red mustache."

"Oh, that's Mr. Willett," said the clerk, and he opened the register and showed me the entry in Brodt's familiar handwriting: "G. Willett, Milwaukee, Michigan." He leaves for Europe today, sir," he added.

"I should like to be shown to his room at once," I said.

The clerk summoned a bell boy.

"Show this gentleman to Room 20," he ordered. In two minutes I was at the door of Room 20. I did not think the ceremony of knocking necessary. I opened the door and entered. Brodt stood in the center of the apartment, valise in his hand, a traveling shawl upon one arm. He was evidently ready for departure. His face paled as I entered.

"Ah, Graham," he said, "what do you want?"

"I want you," I replied, advancing toward him.

In very much less time than it takes to describe the scene, Brodt sprang forward, locked the door and then turned and rushed upon me.

"Curse you!" he hissed, "I'll teach you to meddle with my affairs! You want me, do you? Well, you shall have enough of me before I'm done with you!"

He fought like a madman—indeed he was almost crazed with drink. Though I was the stronger man, the suddenness and impetuosity of his attack placed me at a disadvantage, and before I could collect my scattered faculties he had me on my back upon the floor, and was kneeling upon my prostrate body, both his hands clutching my throat.

"Do you know what I'm going to do with you?" he said. "I'll tell you. I'm going to strangle you. I'll show you that you can't trifle with me, blame you!"

His grasp around my throat tightened; his fingers were like steel. The pain was horrible; a strange humming noise sounded in my ears; my eyes seemed starting from their sockets; my brain began to whirl.

"I'm going to hold you like this till you're dead, you blamed spy!" he said. "Oh, you needn't struggle; it's no use!"

Suddenly my eye fell upon the bell rope, upon the wall just above my head. Could I reach it? I raised my arm, and by a mighty effort succeeded in seizing and pulling it before Brodt could prevent the act.

"Confound you, that will not save you!" he hissed in my ear, "for I'll admit no one to the room!"

His voice sounded as if it came from a great distance, and I could scarcely see him. Lights danced and whirled before my eyes, the noise in my ears increased to a terrible roar.

Was it imagination, or did I hear Brodt cry to someone at the door that he had rung the bell by mistake, and that they might go away?

I attempted to utter a cry, when suddenly the lights vanished, the noise ceased, and I knew no more.

When I recovered consciousness I lay on the bed in the same room, and half a dozen strangers were clustered around me.

"Where is he?" I cried, half rising, and then falling back with a groan of agony.

"Hush!" said a man by my bedside, "you must keep very quiet for a while."

"But where is he?" I persisted. "Have you got him?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "We've got him all right. Who is he, anyway?"

I told them who he was, and then asked the particulars of my rescue, which were given me.

When a servant had knocked at the door in answer to my ring, Brodt had ordered him away.

As he was about to obey the man had heard a low moan, and curiosity had prompted him to look through the keyhole.

Brodt and I had fortunately been within range of his vision, and he had been thus made aware of my perilous position.

He had summoned assistance at once, entered the room from an adjoining apartment, rescued me, and captured my assailant.

It was several days before I was able to travel, and many weeks before I entirely recovered from the effects of my adventure.

Brodt's trial brought to light a number of rascallities in which he had been engaged, unsuspected by anyone, and he is at present serving his sentence in the State prison.

STOWAWAYS ARE NOT DETERRED BY PROSPECT OF PUNISHMENT

A problem for many steamship captains is that of dealing with stowaways. On one vessel on a recent trip from New York to San Francisco and return thirteen stowaways were unearthed. Eight were found on the way to San Francisco and five more on the return voyage.

Formerly the stowaway was thrashed and put in irons. This custom has been done away with, although the irons are still used on occasions. In most cases the stowaways know that when discovered they will be put to work. All stowaways, after discovery, receive the same treatment. They are taken to the bridge, where they are searched. A record is made of the discovery—time, date, place and by whom. These facts are entered in the ship's log. Some of the men are signed on as regular seamen; others work to pay their passage; very rarely a stowaway is found who has sufficient money to pay for his transportation.

One of the captain's first queries is whether the stowaway has a friend in the crew. If so the seaman mentioned is brought to the bridge. If he admits knowing that the stowaway intended boarding the ship and made no move to prevent it he is nearly always "logged" or fined.

It is not an especially difficult task to board a ship. The quartermaster on duty at the gangway does not know the entire crew and after a stowaway has slipped aboard it is easy for him to find a place in which to hide. Leaving the ship presents more of a problem. The stowaway (presumably that he has been discovered in the course of the voyage), is not known. In any event he cannot unceremoniously leave by the gangway. Sometimes he tries to slip through a porthole; sometimes he hides in one of the huge rope nets used to carry freight from ship to pier.—*N. Y. Times*.

GOOD READING

FIND GIRLS IN OFFICES BECOME FLAT-CHESTED

The typical young office woman has a poor carriage, flat chest and prominent abdomen, according to Dr. Wade Wright of New York City, Assistant Medical Director of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, who recently addressed the Life Office Management Association here.

"The death rate among them from tuberculosis," Doctor Wright continued, "is higher than among women workers. Offices are largely overheated, the temperature being around 80 degrees instead of 68. They are badly lighted and ventilated and have improperly constructed chairs."

F. I. Rowland of Lincoln, Neb., said the average period of service for young business women was three years, after which they marry. "They are hard to discipline at first," he added.

NEW CORN SUGAR BOOZE REPORTED
BY DOCTOR DORAN

Asked if he would have a new formula for denaturing alcohol to save hard drinkers next Christmas, Dr. J. M. Doran, Prohibition Commissioner, said:

"We are working to that end and I expect to be able to offer a solution of that problem within the next few months. But we find that people who take chances on alcohol are turning to another drink, one made out of corn sugar, that satisfies."

"We are trying to stop the manufacture of that and all other liquor for beverage purposes and to render alcohol unfit without killing anybody."

CONSTANTINOPLE POLICE CURB FLIRTATIOUS RESTAURANT GIRLS

Because of the popularity of pretty Fatima, a Constantinople waitress, all girls employed in restaurants will be placed under the supervision of the Chief of Police, Sheriff Bey, on the ground that they are disturbing factors of the city's peace.

Fatima was so popular with the patrons of her restaurant that a display of partiality on her part provoked a duel as two of them ate pilaff and drank coffee. The police now intend passing at employment agencies on all applicants for work as waitresses, creating the position of special inspector for the purpose. Now that the veil is ancient history, Turkish girls, working in public places and wearing short skirts and silk stockings and bobbed hair, flirt like their Western sisters. The Chief of Police feels that the proposed step is necessary.

PURSUING HOBBIES ON THE TRAIN

Most people think that commuters spend their time on the train reading the newspapers or chatting about business. Playing cards is also a well-known club-car pastime for men who must journey an hour or more in their twice-a-day trip. But there are other occupations.

Girls knit and sew on their way to the office and sometimes write letters on the morning ex-

press. Incidentally, women seem to prefer novels to newspapers as they shuttle to and from the job. Then cross-word puzzles keep some members of both sexes busy, some of them eagerly entering the puzzle mazes on the station platform before the train pulls in.

Now and then a chess addict may be observed with a pocket folding board, working out profound problems of the game. He wears, consciously or unconsciously, a mantle of superiority in the presence of the cross-word puzzlers.

There is considerable study done on the commuters' trains, usually by the younger commuters. The late Hamilton Wright Mabie, whose pen delighted a large audience, in his years of commuting between Tarrytown and Manhattan, used his rail hours for special application to languages. He often asserted that he had mastered three modern tongues in this fashion.

KILOCYCLES TO REPLACE METER UNIT FOR WAVES

Classification of radio broadcasts by kilocycles instead of meter wave lengths was approved recently by two sub-committees of the technical committee of the International Radio Telegraph Conference.

Owing to the unanimity with which the motion was approved, delegates expected adoption of the new classification by the conference later. Kilocycle allocations already are being used by the United States.

Experts say that a uniform margin between station frequencies can be established to avoid interference. Kilocycle classification is more practical, they say, despite the fact that complaints are expected to be filed by manufacturing concerns and consumers accustomed to the wavelength graduation.

The American delegation resisted an effort to amalgamate the radio and telegraph conventions, by moving to pass over a French resolution to that effect, which was introduced in the technical committee. The American delegation considers that the telegraph convention interferes too much with internal administrative affairs of the radio concerns.

Interest has been aroused in the necessity of safeguarding American rights to communicate freely with overseas possessions. During a debate in the convention committee, the suggestion was made that all radio activities which extended beyond the three-mile territorial limit or interfered with the domestic wireless activities of another country should be considered international in scope. No discussion or action resulted, however.

The subcommittee on tariffs decided upon word rates of 40 and 60 gold French centimes for messages transmitted by ship and shore stations, respectively. The shore stations, however, might raise their tariff under exceptional circumstances.

CURRENT NEWS

APES TRAVEL DE LUXE ON JOURNEY
TO SURGEON

Eleven anthropoid apes, traveling as first class passengers, have arrived at Vienna from Nice on the Simplon Orient Express. Each ape was accompanied by a special attendant, and seemed to enjoy the luxury of travel on Europe's crack express.

The contentment of the apes was short-lived, however, for they were taken to the clinic of the surgeon, Dr. Serge Voronoff.

\$600,000,000 IN GOLD IN CALIFORNIA
SOUGHT

Legislation to permit resumption of hydraulic gold mining in California, where it has been stopped by the courts at the instance of farmers who complained their land was damaged, was urged in the October Mining Congress Journal by Representative Englebright (R., Cal.).

Asserting the State holds \$600,000,000 in gold which still is recoverable by hydraulic processes, Englebright proposed that dams be built along the river to catch the resulting debris and prevent its movement to farm lands.

WELL-DRESSED FOOTBALL MAN WILL
WEAR HAT

The unbeaten N. Y. U. football players can roll their socks down as far as they want, but they can't go hatless. Chick Meehan, fiery little coach of the Violet eleven, became a dictator of collegiate fashions recently in order to halt an epidemic of colds in the head that has attacked his team. When Frank Briante was put to bed with a slight cold and Dud Mormel reported with another slight cold, Meehan thought it was time to stop the players from going out into chill October nights with their sleek damp heads uncovered. "Yes, we are collegiate, but we gotta wear hats," the boys sang after practice recently.

KING GEORGE'S PLUM PUDDING

King George will take Christmas dinner with his whole Empire this year. His plum pudding is to be made entirely of ingredients produced in the Empire and is to be of heroic size and flavor. It will contain the following:

Five pounds each of Australian currants and raisins, 5 pounds of stoned South African raisins, 1½ pounds of minced Canadian apples, 5 pounds of English bread crumbs, 5 pounds of New Zealand beef suet, 2 pounds of South African cut candied peel, 2½ pounds of English flour, 2½ pounds of West Indian sugar, 20 Irish Free State eggs, 2 ounces of ground Ceylon cinnamon, 1½ ounces of Zanzibar ground cloves, 1½ ounces of Straits Settlements ground nutmegs, one teaspoonful of pudding spice from India, 1 gill of Cyprus brandy, 2 gills of Jamaica rum and 2 quarts of old English beer.

"WORLD'S BIGGEST" PIE HAS 2,100 LBS.
OF APPLES

Heralded as the "world's biggest," an apple pie weighing more than a ton and requiring a speci-

ally constructed oven and a derrick for handling was baked in Yakima recently.

Four bakers, wielding rolling pins fifteen feet long, rolled the dough for the crust. Fires were started in the huge oven to assure the proper heat. Apples weighing 2,100 pounds were prepared for the pie. The pie was of the open-faced variety, with strips of crust criss-crossing over the vast surface.

The baking of the pie was preliminary to celebration of Apple Week. Two thousand school children, each of whom had been promised a bite of the pie, milled around the large outdoor oven while it was baking.

DEMAND FOR MARYLAND "WEED" EN-
RICHES GROWERS

The once plebeian tobacco of Southern Maryland has found itself elevated to the aristocracy once enjoyed solely by the Turkish, and the growers are enjoying an era of prosperity undreamed of before the war.

When the supply of Turkish tobacco was cut off, cigarette manufacturers discovered that the Maryland product was just as good, and it became a principal supply for blends. Although the 1926 crop amounted to only 22,472,000 pounds, as compared with Kentucky's 400,000,000 pounds, the growers are getting rich for the price of Maryland tobacco has risen from 7 cents in 1915 to 57 to day, with prospects of going higher.

YEAR'S MOTOR TOLL MOUNTS TO 1,368

The toll of deaths and injuries from automobile accidents in New York State is mounting higher this year than in 1926, according to a report from the Motor Vehicle Bureau recently. The increase has come in the face of the greatest effort at safety the State Government has yet made.

The first eight months of the current year brought death to 1,368 persons and injuries to 53,242 others, an increase of 113 in deaths and 11,229 in injuries, as compared with the same period last year.

Of those killed 60 per cent., or 814, were pedestrians who were run down by automobiles.

Railroad grade crossing accidents accounted for eighty-six more deaths, while eighty-six more were killed in collisions between automobiles.

Automobiles running into hydrants, lamp posts and other fixed objects caused 119 deaths, and a like number were killed by automobiles plunging over embankments or skidding.

The bureau sounded a solemn warning to motorists that unless great caution is exercised throughout the fall period the increase in the number of deaths is likely to reach the 300 mark.

In that connection, the report said:

"The fall of the year presents many unusual hazards which require extraordinary diligence on the part of the motorists. Wet pavements, loose leaves, foggy mornings, all contribute to the accident problem. Unless unusual care is exercised by both the motorist and the pedestrian for the remainder of the year, New York State will show an increase of more than 300 deaths over 1926."

Fame and Fortune Weekly

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1108 Lured by the Market; or, A Boy's Big Deal in Wall Street.

1109 Trading Tom; or, The Boy Who Bought Everything.

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1147 Wireless Will; or, The Success of a Young Telegraph Operator.

1148 Wall Street Jones; or Trimming the Tricky Traders.

1149 Fred the Faker; or, The Success of a Young Street Merchant.

1150 The Lad From 'Frisco; or, Pushing the "Big Bonanza."

1151 The Lure of Gold; or, The Treasure of Coffin Rock.

1152 Money Maker Mack; or, The Boy Who Smashed a Wall Street "Ring."

1153 Missing For a Year; or, Making a Fortune in Diamonds.

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at the radiator

I would check my fire and shut off
at the radiator

What would you do if it were an
indirect heating system

I would regulate the temperature
in the room by mixing damper
in the warm air flue or open
the damper in the vent
duct to the full extent

I would regulate the temperature
in the room by mixing damper
in the warm air flue or open
the damper in the vent
duct to the full extent

I would regulate the temperature
in the room by mixing damper
in the warm air flue or open
the damper in the vent duct
to the full extent

I would regulate the temperature
in the room by mixing damper in
the warm air flue or open the damper

I would check my fire and stop
of at the radiator
if the school or public building
were to burn what would you do
I would check my fire and shut off
at the radiator